Week ending September 10 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

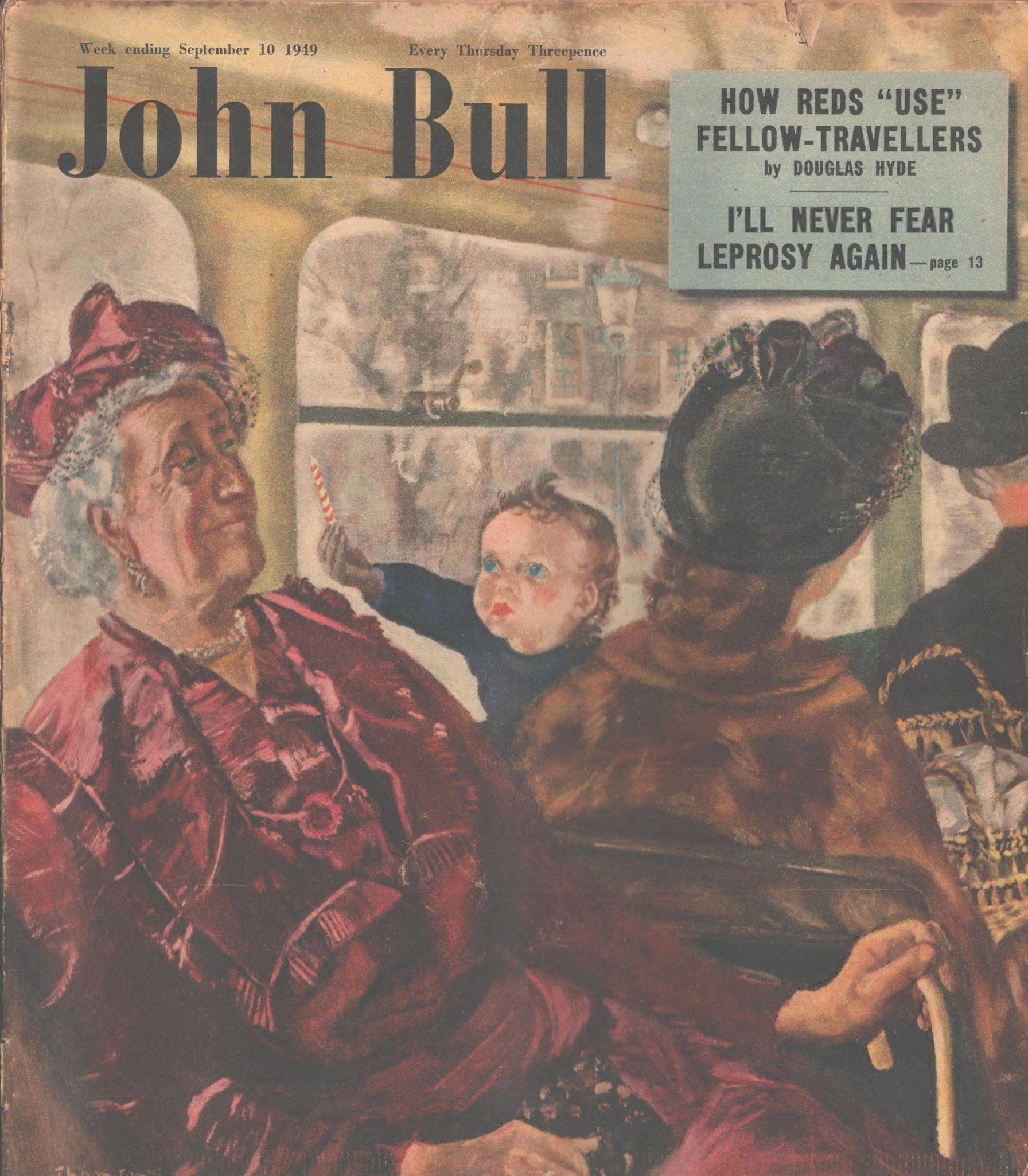
John Bull

HOW REDS "USE" FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

by DOUGLAS HYDE

I'LL NEVER FEAR LEPROSY AGAIN

— page 13



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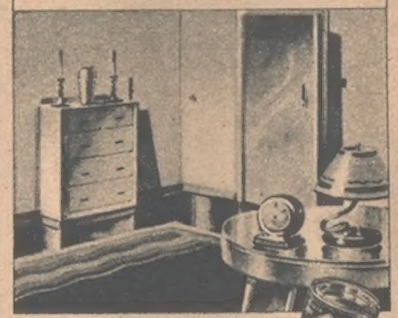

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EDITORIAL

Is your M.P. good at his job?

YOU SHOULD BE SEEING more of your local Member of Parliament during the next few weeks than for several years. He is now in the middle of his summer holiday from Westminster, and if he is a good Member he will be spending a lot of his time with you in the constituency.

This autumn he has a special reason for seeking you out. There must be a General Election by next May, and as your M.P. is probably standing again, he is likely to want to make a good impression on you.

He knows that many of his constituents—perhaps including yourself—are not influenced only by party policies, but by the personalities of the candidates.

In spite of the deep divisions in Parliament, a man who is well-spoken, hard-working and helpful to the electors' interests has a pull over one who looks on them just as so many numbers on an election return, and hardly ever bothers to visit them.

You will be acting as a good democrat if you take the opportunity of sizing up your M.P. during the present political off-season. Study the man or woman, and study his—or her—record in Parliament. What you learn will be useful at the General Election, when the hurly-burly is sure to be so great that purely personal qualities will be more difficult to assess.

In all parties there are good and bad M.P.s. Everyone in Parliament knows which are which, but some of the bad ones get away with all but murder in their constituencies.

WHAT is a bad M.P.? He may be so slavishly loyal to his party line that he never expresses an opinion of his own. He may be so disloyal that he betrays the principles which you elected him to support.

He may be a slacker, who rarely shows up at the House of Commons, or, if he does attend, spends much of the time in the smoking-room or the bars. Either way he is letting you—and Parliament—down.

He may be a windbag. Some men in public life have an actual lust for talking. Ignoramuses, failing to keep up with current events and their own constituents' business, they nevertheless waste the time of the House of Commons with long, dull speeches.

He may be a crank. Beware of cranks in politics. They are always well-meaning but very seldom useful members. Their judgment is apt to be unsound.

Some men are notoriously bad-tempered in debate. Some make cheap, facetious interruptions. Some quarrel unnecessarily with Mr. Speaker, refusing to honour the indispensable procedure of the House. These are all political vices, which upset the genial, efficient working of our democracy, and which you should not encourage with your vote.

Don't be bluffed by politicians' tricks. Some M.P.s waste Parliament's time and the nation's money—your money—by asking pointless questions of Ministers. Question time is a precious parliamentary institution, but it can be and is often abused by busybodies anxious to get paragraphs in their local papers. So don't judge your M.P. purely by the number of questions he asks.

REMEMBER, too, that much of an M.P.'s work is, or should be, done outside the Commons chamber and in the committee rooms where bills are discussed and altered in detail. This is often dull, hard work, which gets little publicity, but it has to be done if new laws are to be as good as possible. Your M.P. should take his share.

Then, nowadays, when the Government touches your daily life in so many ways so closely, you are probably writing to your M.P. much more often than you used to do, for help and advice.

You can judge his mettle partly by the way he deals with your complaints and requests, and with those of your neighbours. Good M.P.s answer all their letters carefully, and fight, in and out of Parliament, for deserving causes and cases.

If your M.P. is lazy and neglectful of his correspondence, he is not likely to be a good M.P. in other ways.

Being a brilliant and eloquent speaker is an enormous help to a politician—but it still does not guarantee that he is your ideal M.P. Check whether he always makes the same speech—as some men do—and watch his answers to questions at meetings. Those can be a real test of his knowledge and ability.

Among the mass of candidates who have yet to make big names, the one likely to become an ideal M.P. is probably a man (or woman) between forty and fifty years old, who has had business experience but is not purely a business man, who speaks fluently and forcibly but not glibly, who guarantees to support his party's principles but not necessarily every detail of its programme, and who is neither very rich nor very poor.

If, after taking stock of him now, you decide that your M.P. has these qualifications, then you can safely put your X against his name at the election.

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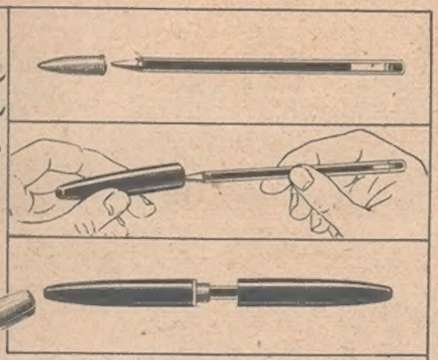

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Mars are more marvellous now

NOW every Mars bar is coated with thick, rich, MILKY chocolate

NOW Mars caramel layer is thicker, has a new buttery flavour

NOW the chocolate malted-milk centre is lightning-whipped in white of egg

-and marvellous value too!

Today's Mars is the *more* marvellous Mars—improved and enriched in three thrilling ways. There's rich, *milky* chocolate, thicker caramel, and a centre whipped in white of egg. Eat one slowly and taste the delicious blend of flavours that has made Mars the biggest-selling chocolate bar in Britain.

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Free Speech

BRINGING UP TWO FAMILIES

AT SIXTY, my two sons being grown up and married, I began to feel lonely. With my husband's consent, I decided to foster-mother a boy. I applied to a home and the boy came to me a year ago, aged eight. I had a little trouble at first to make him truthful and honest but I am proud of my result.

Last Christmas, I got his brother, aged eleven, out of the home for a four-day holiday. He was very good and so I applied for him as well. He came to me in January, and now he has passed a scholarship for a secondary school.

That left one more brother, aged fourteen, in the home. Now we have applied for him and he is here. I am sure he will prove a success when he gets used to home life, which he has never had.

I think other married couples who are fond of children could do the same and help these boys.—M. I. B., Manchester.

The R.A.F. Was There

THANKS FOR PAUL HOLT'S delightfully nostalgic article, "Kisses And Bullets In Paris" (JOHN BULL, August 13). He painted an accurate and vivid picture of those memorable days.

But I feel bound to point out one omission. The R.A.F. is not mentioned, yet it ran a very good second to the Spahis. I was with a small R.A.F. mobile signals unit which arrived in the capital on the first day of the liberation. We spent the first night in the open on Longchamps racecourse and had the pleasure of seeing the Americans make their official entry—far too late for the bullets and almost too late for the kisses. —W. M. RENDALL, 18 Brook Street, Bampton, Devon.

Puffs On The Air

VISITING BRITAIN from Canada, I believed that your B.B.C. was completely free from tiresome radio advertising. Not so. The other day I was disappointed to hear a programme made up of parts of the sound tracks of current Hollywood and British films. If this is not advertising, even though no charge is made, I don't know what is. I wonder if British listeners find it as annoying as I do.—R. GAGNON, Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Canada.

Better Than Posters

DUTCH MOTORISTS carry a small metal frame over the windscreen inside their cars. In it is a photograph of the driver's family with the words, "Think of us. Drive carefully."

For giving the driver a little extra feeling of responsibility, it seems much better than our "Keep death off the roads" posters.—MRS. KAY, 544 Wigan Road, Deane, Bolton, Lancs.

Ready-cooked Meals

HENRY FIRTH'S article on Manchester's while-you-wait laundries (JOHN BULL, September 3) was an interesting story of a young man who has found Opportunity. I can tell you of another. In a little shop at Kingston-on-Thames, Derek Tangye has opened what he calls "the most original restaurant in Britain." You go there, not to eat a meal, but to take one away, ready cooked and packed in a heat-retaining container.

For a weekly subscription of 12s. 6d. you can have a different main course dinner every day of the week, ranging from chicken patties to Vienna steak. Or you can have breakfast, lunch or dinner.

Now that so many women go out to work, this is an idea with great possibilities.—D. W. JONES, King's Road, London, W.6.

**** "Success" stories are always welcome, especially when they introduce a new idea. —EDITOR.*

Live In The Present

WE ALL TEND TO LOOK BACK to the days of our childhood as halcyon days. I think one of the things we leave behind when we grow up is the power to be completely absorbed in the task in hand.

The other day I watched some children coming from school. One was bouncing a ball—and you could see at a glance that it was frightfully important not to allow it to get out of control. Another was drawing a chalk line along the pavement. It went over every obstacle and I have no doubt eventually reached his own back door. A third was discussing her school work with complete absorption.

I wonder if it would be better if we grown-ups put the same vigour into the present instead of looking back longingly over the past or dreaming about possible happiness in the future.—MISS LOUISA M. CARTWRIGHT, Whatmore Mill, Nash, near Ludlow, Shropshire.

Just One Figure Out

SIX DAYS AFTER POSTING a letter wrongly addressed to London, S.W.3 instead of S.W.4, it was returned to me marked "No such place." By the postmarks it had travelled considerably around London. In the old days, presumably by checking up in directories, letters were correctly re-addressed and delivered.—MRS. C. RAYNER, 8 Osborne Road, Broadstairs, Kent.

Disillusioned Nurses

GRANTING OF THE long-awaited increases in nurses' salaries (retrospective to February 1) seems to have given a wrong impression, judging from remarks made to me. Here is how the new salary scales worked out for the first four months, from February 1 to May 31:

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Four months' salary at new rate of £315 per annum		105 0 0
Four months' salary at old rate of £140 per annum (already received)		46 13 4
		58 6 8
Deductions:		
Board and lodging at £120 per annum ..	40 0 0	
Additional income tax	13 0 0	
Extra superannuation ..	1 10 0	
		54 10 0
Balance		£3 16 8

The new scales are an improvement and we are not dissatisfied—only disillusioned. —STATE REGISTERED NURSE.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

ROYAL BABIES

Every mother feels that nothing but the best is good enough for her baby, and she is right. During the early formative years the most important single factor is correct feeding. This is where, above everything else, a mother must insist on her baby's having the best, and nothing but the best.

Baby must have in his daily bottle a full quota of fat, carbohydrates, proteins, minerals and vitamins, all in exactly the right proportions.

If natural feeding fails, the food in which these vital requirements are most perfectly met is COW & GATE Milk Food.

This food, which has become world famous as the "Food of Royal Babies," is prepared by a special process which provides all the essential constituents in the correct proportions for steady, sturdy growth. It is also fortified by the addition of Vitamin D and iron.

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Thousands still on the food have "That COW & GATE Look" of perfect health which should be every child's birthright.

We all know that a Royal Baby is bound to be given the best that is obtainable. Twelve Royal Babies to date have been fed on COW & GATE. Can you do better for your baby?

Have the lifelong happiness and satisfaction of knowing that your baby also had the best that money could buy, and the best possible start in life. Get a tin from your chemist to-day.

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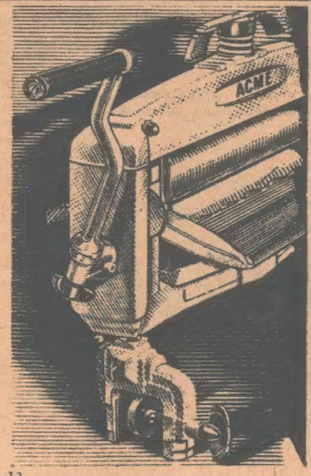

DON'T BUY A PIG IN A POKE!

And that goes for lots of things these days, wringers for example! Many on the market are newcomers and comparatively unknown. They may be good—again they may not be. Why risk it when you can get an ACME with seventy years of manufacturing experience behind it. ACME is the only CLEANSER-WRINGER too, and Acme has a name which is your guarantee that you're getting the finest there is. Over four million Acmes have been sold already! Pretty good proof that ACME gives the best results.

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Have a CAPSTAN

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HOW REDS "USE" FELLOW-TRAVELLERS

by DOUGLAS HYDE

The *Daily Worker's* ex-news editor tells how he had to contact them . . . the Park Lane tea party . . . the rôle of the Dean of Canterbury . . . phone calls to Zilliacus . . . "organizing" lonely Irishmen in Britain

ONE MORNING, not very long after Russia had been brought into the war, I received in my post-bag a more-than-usually-elegant card inviting me to have afternoon tea at a famous Park Lane hotel. Mr. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, and the Dean of Canterbury would, it said, be present.

I was, at the time, editing a news agency in Fleet Street, which we had created when the *Daily Worker* was banned for its opposition to the war. Its purpose was to get *Daily Worker*-type news into the "Capitalist" Press for as long as the ban lasted and also to get a daily lead, in the shape of a little bulletin, out to shop stewards, trade union leaders and others who were either Communists or under Communist influence.

It served the further purpose, so far as I was concerned, of providing a cover for one of my other party responsibilities, which was to build up an underground Press throughout the country in case the party should at any time be driven underground.

Soon after I had received the invitation I got a telephone call from a member of the Communist Party Political Bureau who told me that they were particularly anxious that the little tea party should get a good show in the Press.

Behind The Tea Party

Its purpose, he explained, was to launch an Aid Russia Committee which would, in time, it was hoped, take the emphasis away from the official Red Cross effort on Russia's behalf and bring it into the hands of a Communist-directed organization.

It would also, he said, appeal to a very influential and potentially-sympathetic section of the public, and this made it doubly important that it should be reported in such papers as *The Times* and *Telegraph*. It would put up an appearance of being "non-political," its main appeal would be humanitarian, and it would have no public connection with the party or any other Communist-created body.

I went to the room in the hotel where the guests were already gathering. Dr. Hewlitt Johnson was there, completely in his element, talking and laughing with an admiring group of elegantly dressed men and expensively dressed women. The most expensively dressed of all, with perfect make-up and perfect poise, welcoming everyone and chatting in an excessively cultured voice as she balanced a dainty cup and saucer in her hand, was the barely-recognizable wife of a party member whom I had known for some years. She had always quite obviously liked good, or at any rate striking, clothes, but I had never seen her looking like this before.

The Warning Glance

Tactlessly, I greeted her by name, but one outraged cautionary glance from her reminded me that I was not supposed to know her in such company.

Her main activities had in the past been in non-Communist organizations and she had not been identified with the party. Her husband, who until his call-up had been on the *Daily Worker* staff, was in the Army and there was, for the moment, no direct party tie-up there either. So she had been selected as just the one to help launch and lead the new organization.

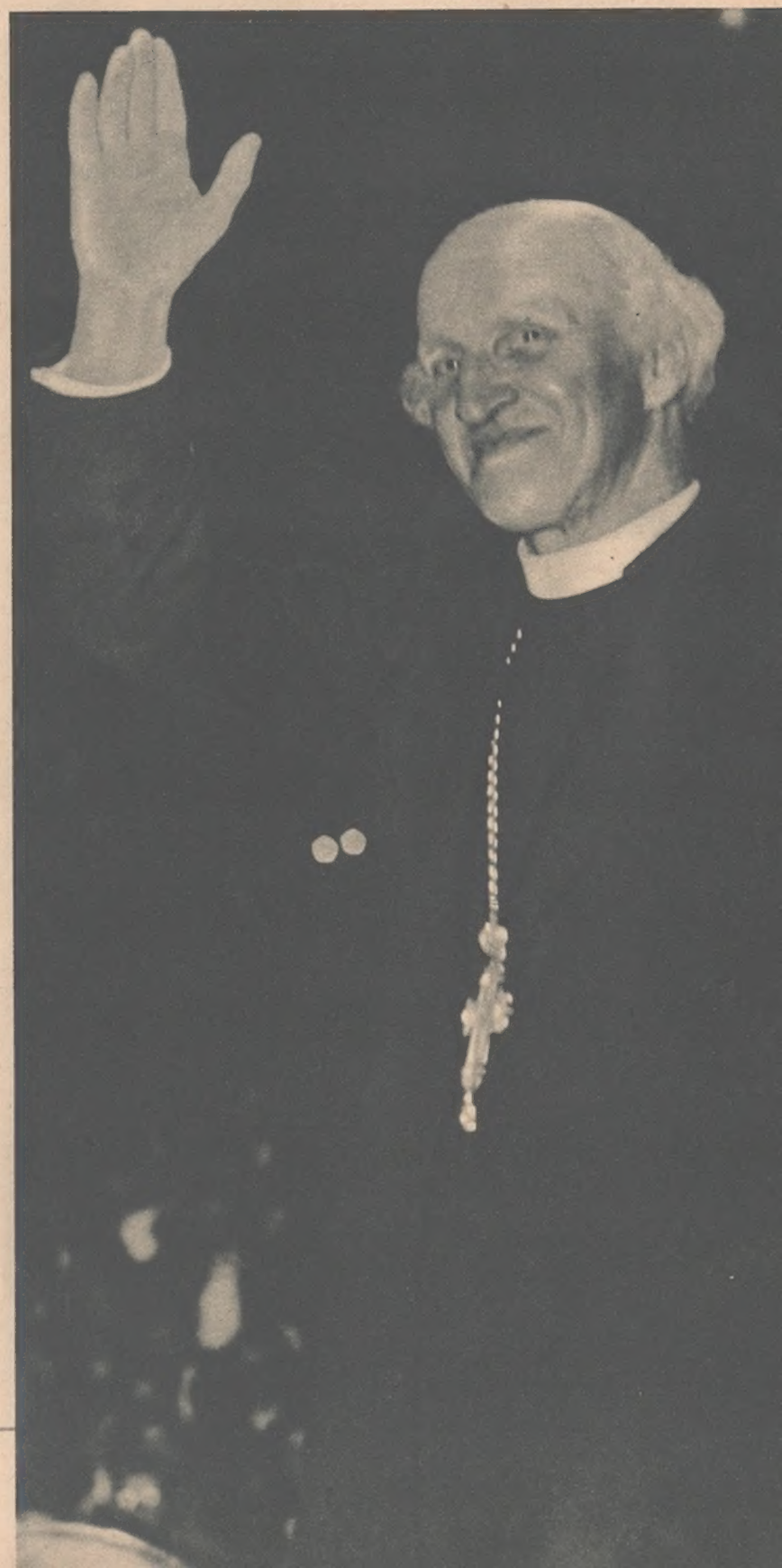
This she did for some years, skilfully guiding it in its work, without permitting it to become branded as "Communist" and keeping it thoroughly "respectable" throughout.

The organization was given every aid by the Soviet Embassy who, like the party, distrusted the Red Cross. It won the support of influential people, bringing them in touch, often for the first time, with fellow-travellers and, through them, with Communist Party members, and so gradually familiarizing them with Communism.

It was a typical and successful piece of fellow-traveller activity.

It was almost inevitable that Dr. Hewlitt Johnson, "Red" Dean of Canterbury, should be present at the launching party, for he is the fellow-traveller *par excellence* from the Communist point of view.

The Dean brings with him precisely that aura of respectability in which the party is so notably deficient. He is a good mixer, a good speaker, and, most definitely, believes in himself. Indeed, he is so sure of himself that



The "Red" Dean of Canterbury: "he brings with him an aura of respectability. . . . Even while they use him they despise him"

he almost certainly thinks that he is using the Communists. The Communists know that they are using him; and even while they use him they despise him. That, again, is characteristic.

In addition to being connected with organizations whose purpose it is to spread Communist influence through public interest in Russia, the Dean is an active member of the *Daily Worker* editorial board. It was there I saw him most frequently and saw most clearly what the leading party members thought of him.

Just A Pretence

The board itself is a farce. It has neither administrative nor editorial authority. It is simply a "front" for a 100-per-cent Communist paper, aimed at persuading the gullible that it is not just Communist but is representative of all "progressive" thought.

On it, along with the Dean, are Beatrix Lehmann, the actress, Sean O'Casey, the playwright, plus a number of Communist trade union leaders and party nominees who ensure that it never goes off the party line.

I do not remember either O'Casey or Beatrix Lehmann ever being present when I was there, but their names are what count. The editor, news editor and others make "reports" which are briefly discussed and then, usually, the board members take a meal in the paper's staff canteen.

The Dean was almost always present, always very vocal and apparently always convinced that in some way he was influencing the paper's policy. On each occasion when I reported to the board everyone agreed with everything he said—and proceeded to forget it immediately afterwards.

As he left the room the comments from the people who had been playing up to him throughout the evening were a good deal stronger than ears such as his would be accustomed to hearing. In the canteen they were usually even more contemptuous.

Communists have little love for the fellow-travellers but they use them with deadly effect. In their own way the fellow-travellers are even more useful than the party members themselves. Without them the party's influence would be limited tremendously and its recruitment of new members considerably reduced.

Their Rôle

It is the rôle of the fellow-travellers and Communist-created organizations to bridge the cultural and spiritual gap between Communists and non-Communists. Here it is necessary to draw a distinction between the fellow-traveller and the crypto-Communist.

The crypto-Communist is an enrolled member of the Communist Party, subject to its discipline and direction, who, on party instructions, works in some other organization, posing as a non-Communist.

The fellow-traveller is *not* a party member. He is a Communist sympathizer and almost always a great supporter of Russia, whom he idealizes to a fantastic degree.

But usually he either has some genuine point of disagreement with party policy or doctrine or, as is often the case, has not the moral courage to come out openly as a Communist, join the party and sacrifice the time and energy which the party would demand of him.

It is this latter point which makes the Communists themselves privately distrust and often despise the fellow-travellers whom they support so enthusiastically in public.

When the present Government was first returned to Westminster there were both fellow-travellers and crypto-Communists in the ranks of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

Parliamentary candidates had been carefully screened by the Labour Party headquarters for years before the war in order to keep precisely such people out. But in the war conditions under which the last election was held this was not possible.

The Communists took advantage of the situation and a number of them stood as Labour Party candidates. A few were returned. They were the cryptos, receiving direct instructions on strategy and tactics from the party's Parliamentary department.

One or two, on getting to Westminster, dropped the party fairly soon. A few remained. But Transport House has purged itself of them.

And, since the fellow-travellers can at times be as embarrassing and dangerous to a party as the crypto-Communists, it has purged some of them as well.

Konni Zilliacus, I would say, is the perfect example of the Parliamentary fellow-traveller. "Zilli" is *not* an under-cover Communist party member—although he may be in danger of becoming one. He has genuine differences of opinion with the Communists. His progress throws a useful light on the making of a fellow-traveller.

Out of a considerable knowledge of foreign affairs, "Zilli" came to believe that the great threat to peace in the pre-1939 days was Nazi Germany. From that he came to see Russia as the great hope of peace. Thus he became an undeviating supporter of Russian foreign policy.

Often attacked, he replied by defending Russia with ever-greater vigour until he manoeuvred himself into a position where, in his eyes, the U.S.S.R. could do no wrong. And, since the British Communist Party's foreign policy is always identical with that of the Soviet Union, he had in time to defend that, too.

That brought him into alliance with the Communists here. Soon his foreign policy speeches were indistinguishable in content, though not in style, from those of the Communist M.P.s or of Harry Pollitt himself.

But "Zilli" did not want to see Communism practised at home. It was all right for Russians but unnecessary, he thought, for the people of this country.

If, when I was the *Daily Worker's* news editor, I wanted a comment for publication in support of our foreign policy, I would 'phone "Zilli" and always knew I could get just what I wanted. But if it was a comment on home policy that was needed, I tried D. N. Pritt, Platts-Mills or someone similar. "Zilli" was not the man for such an occasion.

Yet he is worth a tremendous amount to the Communist Party today. Speaking at Communist-inspired "peace" conferences, addressing meetings organized by fellow-traveller organizations, publicly associating with Communists and their committees, he broadens the party's appeal enormously.

The term fellow-traveller itself was, at the time of its origin in Russia, one of abuse. The fellow-travellers were a few non-party sympathizers placed soon after the Bolshevik Revolution into posts of prestige, without power, to give the impression of popular support.

Worked Out A Technique

But, although they were ultimately persecuted and purged in Russia, the usefulness of such types outside was seen by the International Communist leaders who quickly worked out ways and means of using them and created appropriate organizations in every land for this purpose.

In Britain we had the Friends of the Soviet Union, which later became the Russia Today Society, taking its name from the monthly publication of the old F.S.U. Leader and editor of its paper for many years was the late Reg Bishop.

It is doubtful whether the party will ever find a better man for the job. Reg was a huge man with a colossal, throaty chuckle, a ready smile, unfailing wit, the accent and manner of a jolly huckster and a winning personality.

He loved good fellowship and plenty of food and drink. He ate kippers one at a time, rolled up, bones and all. He drank his beer in a pint mug and each pint went down in a single mighty gulp.

He was guaranteed to disarm the most suspicious. But he knew his Marxism and Leninism inside out, took his orders from the party and knew where he was going every minute of his time.

Around the Russia Today Society he grouped trade union leaders, cultural and religious leaders who previously had shunned all things Communist. Soon he had them on his platform, or writing little articles for his paper or putting their names to pamphlets he had written.

It was not very long before they had acquired a "following" in the Left Wing. Soon, they were being invited to speak for other organizations.

Starting as the somewhat reluctant members of a single pro-Soviet organization, they presently found themselves on a dozen or more committees.

The pro-Soviet organizations had their finest hour, of course, during the war, when Anglo-Soviet committees and activities were organized in towns where such things had never been known before.

Usually, they petered out, but the party felt it had been well worth while if out of it had come a new branch of Reg Bishop's organization or, perhaps, of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R., which operates on a rather more academic plane.

The Connolly Association, organizes a quite different type. The first so-called Connolly Clubs, which grew into the present association, were created by decision of the Communist Party of Great Britain. It was one of the smartest things it ever did.

The Association organizes Irishmen in Britain, bringing them within Communist influence and providing a constant flow of recruits to the party's ranks. An early leader and editor of its journal was Pat Dooley, whose Irish name made him ideal for such a job and whose party training was also all that was needed.

Like other such organizations, it at once made use of the fellow-travellers—in this case Irishmen who were attracted by certain aspects of Communist policy on the Irish question to a point where they were prepared to overcome their distrust of Communists. The fellow-travellers were put into leading positions in the organization to broaden its appeal.

Name Carefully Chosen

The choice of name was good. Connolly, leader of Ireland's 1916 Easter Rising, was a militant Socialist (the Communists claim him as a Marxist) who was born and died a Catholic.

Thus the homesick Irishman, newly-arrived in Britain, sees nothing sinister about an association named after his beloved Connolly.

Similarly its paper, *The Irish Democrat*, sounds innocuous enough, and when he finds it being sold outside his church on Sunday, he buys it gladly. Its seller, probably a Communist Party member or fellow-traveller, will put him in touch with other Irish exiles.

Before long his only associates are fellow-travellers and Communist Party members. Sooner or later her will discover this, but by then he will have become publicly associated with the organization and his pride may stop him from drawing back.

NEXT WEEK: How They Become Fellow-Travellers

NOEL COWARD

Fifty this year, the most puzzling personality in show business is tackling a new field. For the story behind the legend of Noel Coward . . .

SEE JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Fathom Five

by DENIS CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD FORSTER

His lungs were bursting, his head throbbing. But he had to go deeper and deeper yet—to find what he was after

NOT TEN YARDS FROM their little green tent the sea lay transparent, each grove of algae, rock and ribbed, silver sandbank showing as clear as dry land. That discernible undersea landscape merged into the flat, shining plain which stretched out of their sight to the shores of North Africa. Little red rocks near the shore thrust up out of the unstirring water, a darker line marking where the sea usually washed.

He looked at her sitting there in her green two-piece bathing suit. Already her long slim limbs and her body were golden. Strands of sunbleached gold shone in her hair.

"But our francs won't last very long, will they?"

"It's a treat," he told her. "There's a bottle of good wine as well. After today we'll only drink *Chateau Algérien* and live on the fish I catch."

"Nothing but fish?"

"You won't have to queue, Margie!"

His wife finished her eggs and bacon. "Oh Ted, aren't we lucky, we two? To be young and alive—and here!"

"Oh you silly—my God, yes!" he agreed. He puffed at his pipe and leaned back against a pine tree from whose branches a cicada began its thin, strident hymn to the sun. He shut his eyes and they were round him, John, Terry and Joe, squatted smoking, their faded Mae Wests on their chests, their helmets and oxygen masks dangling over their shoulders. "Well," Terry was saying, "it's getting on to take-off time. Wake up and get cracking, Skipper."

He laid down his pipe and stood up. How right Margie was! It had taken the war to make one really conscious of the joy life had to offer. Before one had often been happy, but never with this deep, objective appreciation. This moment, this morning, is wonderful. Oh, bless the Lord! Bless nature! Bless life! Bless Margie who is half its ecstasy!

"I think I'll go in," he said to her.

"Oh, not yet. You've just finished breakfast."

He crawled into the tent, already warming from the sun. The faint fragrance of Margie still stayed there. He pulled out his fishing equipment and started to check it, sitting close by her on the ground.

"Margie——" he started. Should he tell her? No, better not. After all, it was his own affair, a macabre affair, too, to anyone on the outside. Yet to him it did not seem macabre. Odd, but it did not. After all, they were, they had been, his own; almost as much as Margie was his own now. How they would have loved this place. "Wizard bathing!" And the camping and fishing. They had not tried this kind of fishing. And Margie would have loved them.

He could not wait any longer. "I may be a little while," he kissed and told her, "Be good!"

HE wetted the rubber goggles and pulled them down over his eyes, pressing them till their suction told him water could not force its way through. He pushed the spear into the fishing gun's long, duralumin barrel, forcing down its powerful spring. Then he took the breathing-tube's mouthpiece between his teeth, turned and waved farewell to her. A few steps through the limpid water and he let himself slide gently forward, swimming slowly with legs and one arm, the other arm holding the gun, his face under the surface, breathing through the two-foot tube.

Now he was alone again, alone as he had been that night in the bomber's cockpit.

In the shallow water the little fish played all around him, staring, hanging uncertainly, then darting away as the strange monster drove on towards them. Brown fish, speckled fish, red fish, fish like silver discs with dark zebra stripes down their bodies, shot off to hide in their rocks or to form shoals and swim on ahead.

He enjoyed the feel of the cool water, refreshing yet not at all chilling in this Mediterranean summer. He loved the thrill of this new method of fishing, learnt at the end of the war when his shoulder mended and he had come out of his hiding-place on the outskirts of Marseilles.

Now it was getting bluer and deeper and cooler. There were patches of warmth where some current flowed out from the shallows, chilly bits, too, where springs bubbled up from below, springs of cold, fresh water which emulsified with the salt and formed an opaque screen before him. He must catch a fish first, he decided. Then he could get on with the business, the real reason for his being here.

Margie and he had been married for barely a fortnight. She had been so pleased when he suggested they should honeymoon in the South of France, not the hectic, popular region between Cannes and Monte Carlo, but along that quiet, beautiful stretch to the west of St.

Looking at her lying in her bathing suit, he thought: Should I tell her? But this was his own macabre affair

It was getting bluer and deeper and cooler. But now, below in the azure mist, he saw an unmistakable shape

Tropez, where only a few little fishing ports doze on the coastline.

They had walked by the sea for four days, taking it easy, rucksacks and tent on their backs, swimming and lazing through the heat of the day. But all the way Ted's eyes had been searching headland and islet. There were certain landmarks he remembered, though of course it had all looked quite different under the moon. That damned *mistral* had blown them right off their course or it would not have happened.

It was getting pretty deep; fifteen feet anyway, he thought. He was swimming above a great tumble of weed-covered rocks. He could see some big fish now. They were nosing about through the rocks in pairs and small parties.

Better see if I *can* dive, he thought, and tilted his legs and plunged down with a long trail of bubbles. He went after a mottled brown fish which dodged into a cave, following it to its mouth, hanging on to the edge, peering into the shadowy greenness. He could see its tail dimly waving, but not enough to risk a shot. He let go and drove for the surface, ears and eyes hurting. Still, it had not been a bad starter. Must have been down twenty feet, and almost a minute, he reckoned.

His starved lungs sucked air greedily as the breathing tube broke through the surface.

He lifted his head to take his bearings with the shore. About a hundred yards out, and there was the headland some two hundred yards down the coast. He thought he had recognized it the evening before, and had pitched camp close to it accordingly. He had checked it on the map, too. There was no other point within five miles either way. He began swimming slowly towards it, scanning the bottom. He wanted to get that fish first. Afterwards he might be tired, and he wanted something to show Margie when he returned.

He had heard Terry cursing over the aircraft's telephone. Terry was his observer and a good one, too, who did not easily get rattled.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Sorry, Skipper. Didn't know I was switched on. I was damning our weather expert. *He* never told me of this wind."

"Can't blame him, Terry. These *mistrals* blow up any time."

"Well, it's taken us ten miles off course. We'll be late on the target."

They were on their way to bomb a viaduct which linked Toulon with the interior. They knew the coast pretty well now. From their Corsican base they made sorties here on most nights, preparing the way for the Landing.

"I can see a lighthouse or a beacon flashing over to port." Joe, his gunner, reported. Presently he, too, had seen it.

"Don't remember that," he said, and flew parallel to the coast, which showed dark and clear. "I'll take her in soon," he told Terry. "When we strike the main road you can map read."

The full moon was shining huge and brilliant behind them. He swung the aircraft for the shore.

He remembered a little headland, its rocks glittering in the moonlight. John, the wireless operator, who was keeping a watch from his window, shouted something like, "Swing starboard, skipper."

Next moment twin streams of tracer had spouted right through his cockpit, shattering, clattering. Red flashes and seething flame and controls that went crazy and useless. He remembered that moment of almost disgusted surprise, which yet seemed strangely preordained, even foreseen. Had he not expected it, wrestled with it, overcome its clutching premonition, as every airman had to do? Had he not experienced it twenty times

Continued on page 12

He's such a backward boy . . .

by EDWARD HOGARTH

Johnny doesn't seem able to keep up with the others. One day, he'll give up trying to, become unmanageable and a potential criminal. Now there's an answer to his puzzle

Bad at sums? Neglectful parents, truancy, illness may be the cause

"BOTTOM FROM TOP," says the headmaster of the special school. "Never forget that. Always take bottom from top. You *can* take the top from the bottom but the answer will be wrong. And that's no good, is it?"

Walter watches anxiously while his sums are marked. Short, undeveloped, like most subnormal children, he is eleven years old but would easily pass for eight.

"How many sums have you done?" Walter counts them, laboriously. "Ten, sir."

"How many crosses have you got?" He counts them. "Five."

"How many ticks?" He counts again. "Five ticks, sir."

"Who is winning, then, you or the sums?"

Walter ponders for a full half-minute. "Please sir, it's a draw."

"That's it," says the head. "You're not winning. The sums aren't winning. Now if you had one more tick, who'd be winning then?"

"I should," says Walter, smiling broadly.

"Righto. You get six ticks tomorrow and don't let the sums beat you."

Finding Out The Gaps

A down-to-earth man, this headmaster of the residential school for maladjusted and retarded boys, he finds out—with the aid of Schonell's reading, spelling and arithmetic tests—exactly what a boy knows and what gaps there are in his education.

Peter, a "care or protection" case, has no idea what is meant by division. John, who suffers from bouts of uncontrolled behaviour, cannot solve the mystery of the carrying figure in addition. Walter, the persistent truant, has never learned how to subtract. He had rheumatic fever at the age of seven and never caught up with the rest of the class.

The problem of dealing with children who are below average in mental ability is one which the Home Office and Ministry of Education are tackling with vigour, not solely because a backward person is less useful to the community than one whose faculties are normal, but also because of the close association between backwardness and delinquency.

Not all backward children find themselves in the Juvenile Court. They do not all stand by the long table and hear the magistrate say: "We've given you every chance. Now we've got to send you away."

But the backward child who is also refractory and shows signs of getting out of hand is a potential law breaker. And for him, the special school is the place where his difficulties can most easily be overcome.

A boy may enter a special school by various channels. A "backward" boy with an unsatisfactory home life may be recommended by his school headmaster, supported by the Education Authority. A boy who has figured in a court case may be sent by the Home Office. A boy who has been removed from the care of irresponsible parents may be sent by a public assistance committee.

If you read through one of the case histories, you will scarcely believe the evidence of cruelty and crime, immorality, squalor and neglect. It seems incredible that any child could have undergone such experiences.

You read the head teacher's report: "Nothing but a trouble and a nuisance . . . always willing to involve others . . . tells lies . . . dirty . . . unmanageable."

You read the doctor's report, a long story of nail biting and bed wetting, asthma and St. Vitus's dance.

Which Is Billy The Thief?

You wade through the reports of the probation officer, the child guidance clinic, the psychologist, the police, the Home Office. And then you glance out of the window of the headmaster's sitting-room and you try to pick out Billy Smith, the bicycle thief, from among the cheerful youngsters busy on their garden plots. You cannot identify him.

You pick up another file. Legally, Peter has done no wrong, but the matrimonial entanglements of his parents make it necessary for him to live away from home. His life story makes a lurid novel seem tame, but in appearance he shows no signs of abnormality. The damage has gone below the surface.

The headmaster believes in discussions with the boys about their past life. They are allowed to speak quite freely, too, among themselves. Consequently, every boy knows the life stories of the others, and having heard the yarns a few times, loses interest.

When a new boy arrives, startling revelations take place, exaggerated beyond belief. Not to be outdone, the newcomer brags of his own misdeeds, then he adopts the attitude of the rest—a detached interest in his progress. "I'm getting over it now, aren't I, sir?"

Every attempt is made to provide a normal home life for the boys. They spend their own pocket money at the village sweet shop. They go to church. They go to town on Saturdays to the children's cinema.

But the headmaster and his wife cannot give them the demonstrative affection so essential to a child's happiness. They lack love.

It is pathetic to learn how deeply the boys love their mothers and fathers, no matter how much they have been ill treated or neglected. If home conditions are not too impossible, they go back to their parents at holiday times and for occasional weekends.

As a great treat, they also go to stay with reliable people in the neighbourhood who are kind enough—and brave enough—to offer hospitality to boys known to be anti-social or retarded. On these short visits, the boys make a tremendous effort to be on their best behaviour.

What happens to these children when they leave the protected atmosphere of the special school and face the outside world? What happens when they exchange their airy dormitory, with the pretty curtains and the patchwork quilts, for the cramped bedrooms at home, shared with several adults?

Life in a special school, as in any institution, is divorced from the world of reality. No school can reproduce the ordinary life of the community. There is always the danger that a child who has made great progress within the sheltering walls will collapse under the strain of everyday life.

Chat With The Old Boys

Some of the boys return, a few years after leaving, and give the headmaster an account of themselves. But the boys come from homes in all parts of the country and it is difficult to keep track of them all.

One former pupil has solved—or retreated from—the problem of the future by refusing to leave the district. He has got himself a job as a cowman at a farm in the village, and now he drops in for a chat at least once a week. Some day, the headmaster hopes, he will break away.

Many boys are afraid to leave and many more depart with grave misgivings. They are not anxious to stand on their own feet. "Poor old Teddie has got to go at the end of the month. I don't know how I'm going to tell him," says the headmaster.

"His mother is in America. His father doesn't want him. He was boarded out under a 'Fit Person' order when he was seven and he came to me when he was nine. I can't see much of a future for him."

Lift Back For Runaway

By contrast, Vincent is only too eager to get away. He absconds at least once a month. The headmaster gets out the car and finds him within half an hour.

"Do you want a lift back?" he asks and the boy climbs in, smiling, quite unaware that he has caused any upset. There are no angry scenes, no punishments—except the cutting off of pocket money.

Vincent is treated as a patient rather than a culprit. The headmaster realizes that something is wrong and must be put right. He has just discovered that Vincent suffers from blinding headaches during his brief periods of absence-without-leave and he intends to take him to a brain specialist for examination.

It takes the headmaster several weeks, or even months, to find the cause of the boy's maladjustment. Sometimes he fails to discover a reason but that does not prevent him from giving remedial treatment. The

child's work, his behaviour, and his health are watched from every angle.

Free play with puppets is not only an emotional release for the child but a source of information to the staff. The shy boy, anonymous behind the stage curtain, acts with abandon.

Billy puts his life story into the mouth of a grotesque doll. He mimics the policeman giving evidence in court. He mimics his mother trying to bluff the magistrates.

"My Billy is a good boy," he squeaks in what he imagines to be a feminine voice. "My Billy would never do a thing like that. He wouldn't pinch a bike pump and a dynamo set. Why, you ought to see the things he does for me at home."

"What does he do for you, then?" in deeper tones.

And then the truth creeps in. "Nothing at all. Never lifts a finger to help me. I can do nothing with him."

A burst of appreciative laughter goes up from the audience as the boys recognize a phrase which they have heard only too often.

Tell-tale Paintings

In the Art lesson, their work reveals instability and mental confusion. Many of the pictures show borders of trees round the edges of the paper, or large squares made by four walls, four hedges or four fences. To the expert, this indicates a feeling of insecurity in the artist, a desire to shut himself away.

Some of the paintings are over-aggressive, in violent reds, or timid, in washed-out blues and greens. But whether feeble or vigorous, in effect, nearly every picture dwells on disaster and shows a death, a funeral, a car accident, a plane crash or a fire.

There is one art form at which the boys show exceptional skill. Their dancing is first class. They love it.

The assistant master chalks up a list of dances on the blackboard — Black Nag, Merry Milkmaids, Dashing White Sergeant and half a dozen others—and the boys choose the programme with passionate interest. Peter shouts for Sellengers Round. Alec calls for Old Mole, but the rest chant "Galopede. We want Galop-e-e-e-de."

No Team Spirit

The headmaster turns aside praise for his boys' dancing. "It's a sign of abnormality," he says. "Boys of ten to fifteen shouldn't be crazy about dancing. They ought to be playing football or cricket.

"But they won't take to team games. They can't co-operate. When a lad gets hold of the ball, he wants to run off and play with it alone. Still, I suppose dancing is a team game. I mustn't grumble."

"Let's have a sing-song, now," suggests Raymond, as they reach the limit of their repertoire. "Can we start with 'Katy'?" He climbs on to a chair and begins to conduct. Tone deaf to a man, the boys join in, shouting lustily, beating fists on the desks.

"K-K-K- Kay- tee. Swallowed a napepenny." Eyes shut, heads thrown back, mouths wide open, shaking with laughter, they chant out the doggerel.

For the moment, their complexes are forgotten. The future can wait.

FATHOM FIVE

Continued from page 10

in his dreams, in the fate of his comrades? Now the bitter cup had come to them.

He remembered the smell of scorched oil, the abrupt switch from taut consciousness of his mastery of the aircraft and his three friends' lives to this nightmare impotence. Then, nothing more.

He roused in a bed in a farm. "*Ah bon, monsieur l'aviateur,* so at last you wake. You are with friends. You will be looked after."

"But my aircraft—my crew?"

"*Quoi? Alors, les pauvres!* We found only yourself in the water."

That was all. A fisherman had seen the aircraft shot into the sea. He had been picked up next morning floating on his Mae West (he could not remember inflating it) close in to the shore. No trace of the bomber remained.

Had his crew sunk with it? Had they been picked up by the Germans? Had they somehow managed to escape in the small rubber dinghy? Lying wounded and hidden, he could not find out these things. His friends moved him down to Marseilles en route for Spain, but the Landing occurred before he had gone any farther.

After that he was sent back to England. He heard no more about the fate of his crew.

If they had got away they had met with disaster elsewhere, for no news reached the Air Ministry of their survival. Had they been captured and carried back into Germany, to disappear there, perhaps in attempting escape? No word of it ever reached England, but those men had been too intimate in their lives and their deeds for him to rest easy until he knew what was their fate.

For always a horrible, nagging thought troubled his mind. How had *he* come to be saved?

In those last desperate seconds of which his mind registered nothing had he, the captain, abandoned all thought for the crew? That indefensible possibility tortured him often, so that he woke at night reliving the scene, striving to reconstruct its disordered ending. Did the sea still guard that secret?

HE had taken up undersea fishing partly to limber his shoulder, partly with deliberate intention to master a nervous reaction towards the sea, born in that crash. Its practice had conquered his fear, while the sport had its own strong appeal to one who had been a keen swimmer.

Now he was swimming across a flat of white sand. It stretched round him a minor Sahara, lonely, forlorn, with nothing to see on its surface but a few tiny gurnet-like fishes with blue fins like butterflies' wings.

A fish of bright lemon and silver came heading towards him. As it passed head-on below he fired and transfixed it. Triumphantly he carried it to a small rock, laying it there with his gun. Dodging the scores of sea urchins which threatened his feet, he stood up and stared at the camp. He could not see Margie. Perhaps she had entered the tent or was bathing somewhere out of sight.

He would not need his gun now. He started again for the headland, swimming strongly, both arms in use. If this *was* the place, he must begin his search soon. They had not been much closer than this to the shore or the point when they were shot down.

A broad black ray flapped ahead like a sombre winged bird, its spiked devil's tail trailing. Suddenly the floor grew misty, a dull turquoise blue, with the rocks showing dimly and blurred. Much deeper here, he thought. Hope it's not going to be like this right round the point, or I haven't a chance.

Next moment he suffered a sudden torment of vertigo. He found himself over a chasm, its bottom scarcely to be seen, its great depth accentuated by a rock mass which rose towering up from its blue mystery.

For some seconds that old sea terror threatened to overwhelm him. What supported him here but his struggling, mortal limbs? And he was alone, except perhaps for those others who had gone before him. Then he re-mustered his courage and swam on across the ravine.

His first dive towards the point's flank carried him down among a great tumble of rocks. For nearly a minute he searched in their grey labyrinth. The sun magnified by the water made weeds and sea creatures shine out in crimson and blue, parrot green and glowing purple. Crouched in a cranny, an octopus stared back at him with its yellow eyes.

He rose panting to the surface, but he could not rest. In a few minutes he dived again, but he found nothing.

I suppose the French searched here, he thought. Or perhaps they did not. After all, how many aircraft, ours and Jerry's, dived into the drink in the Channel? No one went hunting for them. Only unlucky fishermen got their nets tangled, even lost them sometimes.

Well, it was up to him to find out.

He decided that, if the bomber had fallen here, it must be close in to the point among these heaped rocks. Otherwise surely some fisherman would have discovered it.

Yesterday afternoon he had asked about it in the village. No, nobody knew of an aircraft's wreck in the sea. They remembered one crashing somewhere towards the war's end, but the only man who had observed it had left the district.

Four more times he dived. It was terribly exhausting work but he had to try again and again. His skull and ears ached and throbbed and his heart bumped unwieldily. He thought, one more and I've had it. I'll have to go back.

He dived again and found nothing. With a sigh, half of relief for release from the present ordeal, he began swimming back for the shore. He was heading across the sea valley, on the opposite side of that rock tower which rose from its bottom, when his searching eyes caught sight of something, a weed covered mass which seemed part of a ledge on the monolith. But those flat surfaces, that dome, that vertical fin.

His heart started thumping again. For some moments he rested, peering, trying to compose his breath. Then he went down.

Glory, it was a long way! He had scarcely made more than half the distance towards it when he found himself forced to turn back before consciousness left him. He lay panting again on the surface, but now he was certain. He had picked out the aircraft's whole outline, propped there, its starboard wing buckled against the rock, its fuselage perched on a shelf, below which lay sheer misty azure.

Now, if he could go down once more his quest would be over. He would know what he had come to know.

He had barely caught up with his breathing when he dived again. Darker and colder. God, it must be nearer forty than thirty feet down! His eyes seemed tearing from their sockets. Yet he must make it. Make it and go back to Margie, his heart set at rest.

Ten feet above it he hung for a moment suspended. To descend another few feet he knew would destroy him. But from here he could see every detail he needed to see. There humped the weed crested turret, its four rusted Brownings projecting.

The fuselage was intact. No hole torn in it, no escape hatch opened. Those who rode in the bomber must have remained there, sealed up, all of the crew but himself.

It was plain to see now how he alone had escaped. The nose of the aircraft was crumpled against the rock's buttress. His cabin had been burst asunder, its roof hurled away by the impact, the inrushing water which had borne him upward to safety. A huge violet starfish, its bristly fingers upcurling, sprawled on his seat's rotten fabric.

Panic seized him again. Terror of his loneliness, of the sea's vast, aloof presence, swept him. He found himself sinking down, down to join them, his comrades, his aircraft. The sun's light was fading and darkening. It was growing cold, terribly cold. Goodbye, earth: but on earth Margie was waiting, in the sun on that beautiful shore. His legs kicked in rebellion against this end.

THEN he found himself stretched in hot sunshine, Margie beside him.

"Ted, I thought you had gone!"

He stared at her. "Sorry, Margie. I had to do it, you know. I ought to have told you. It's all right now—it's all over."

"Is it?" she said. "I'm so glad." Then: "Did you—did you find them?"

He nodded. "But how did you know? I didn't mean you to know."

"Darling, how could I help guessing? I knew there was something you *had* to find out about them, and I thought it must be something here. The way you behaved told me that. Anyway, I followed you to the end of the headland, in case you needed any help. It was lucky I did. You were floating unconscious under the surface when I hauled you out!"

He raised himself. "Did you, Margie? Oh, Margie, let's go home and have lunch and that bottle of wine. I think when we're drinking it we'll do what old Omar Khayyam said he wanted *his* friends to do when he had gone on."

"I forget. What was it?"

Ted murmured as he got to his feet:

And when Thyself with shining foot shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Sense and Nonsense

I RECENTLY heard the headmaster of a great public school say: "A boy should take with him from school a respect for knowledge, the desire to go on learning, and the ability to distinguish sense from nonsense."

For my part, I would add that the last is by far the most important of the three.

The world has always suffered and is still suffering from inability to distinguish sense from nonsense. The statements of politicians and spell-binders always need testing against knowledge.

If we haven't the knowledge ourselves, we should know where to get it.

Never be afraid to go on learning. It is the way to keep a level head.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Children of the Uzuakoli Leprosy Settlement, Nigeria. The colony is like a beautiful park. It has a school, hospital, church and married quarters

I'LL NEVER FEAR LEPROSY AGAIN

by the Rev. ARTHUR PAYTON

ARTHUR EDWARD PAYTON, a thirty-three year old Church of England priest, was for three years a field worker among the lepers of Nigeria. Here he tells his experiences: of the cruelty of the witch doctors' "cure" by fire; of the tragedy of the woman who was refused entrance to a leper colony and hanged herself; of the happiness of the cured returning to their homes dressed in their Sunday best.

I SHALL NEVER FORGET ROSA. Her white hair contrasted sharply against her wrinkled black skin. Her clothes had been repaired so often it was impossible to guess which was patch and which original cloth. And she was about seventy.

Rosa sold groundnuts at the door of my house. She wouldn't sell them to me. Perhaps it was because I was a missionary, but every morning when I came out to begin my rounds she would smile and give me three or four of them.

One day a friend saw me accept the nuts. With a look of horror he knocked them out of my hand. "Never," he snapped, "do that again."

I was startled and annoyed. "Why not?" I demanded.

"Because Rosa," he said, "is a leper."

I was frightened stiff. I admit it. Like nine out of ten who will read these words, I thought of leprosy as something vile and accursed.

A few days later Dr. Ernest Muir, one of the world's foremost specialists on leprosy, came to visit our island, which belonged to the Leeward group in the West Indies. I told him about Rosa. He laughed at my fears.

"There are two kinds of leprosy," he said. "Infectious and non-infectious. Rosa has the kind that attacks the nerves and cannot be transmitted. But *any* case of leprosy, infectious or not, can be treated medically. Fear of it is simply a barbaric hangover—a greater danger than the disease itself."

Thus assured, I continued to accept Rosa's groundnuts. It may sound silly, but I felt I was helping in a small way to show that there was no need to be frightened, no need to treat Rosa as an outcast. But I kept wondering, at the back of my mind, what Dr. Muir meant when he spoke of fear of leprosy being a barbaric hangover.

In time, I found out.

Two Doctors For 24,000 Patients

It was in 1944 that I signed up for a five-year term of service with the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. Two years after that I went to work in the field. My headquarters were the Uzuakoli Leprosy Settlement in Owerri Province of south-eastern Nigeria.

The Settlement was begun in 1933. Then it could care for only some forty to fifty patients; but by the time I arrived, there were 1,600 in-patients and 23,000 out-patients being treated. This expansion was a real achievement, especially since only two doctors, one nursing sister, two lay workers and about fifteen African helpers comprise the entire staff.

Even at that, we have hardly scratched the surface. In Africa alone, only one in twenty who has leprosy is being treated for it.

I was surprised at my first glimpse of Uzuakoli. It looked like a beautiful park. The sweet smells of magnolias, orange and tangerine blossoms mingled together. But when I reached the settlement proper the prevailing odour was that of chaulmoogra, a heavy, oily smell spiced with medicinal creosote. This oil, used in the cure of leprosy, is injected into the muscles and under the skin.

The settlement is almost gaily colourful — terra-cotta for the sun-baked mud huts and bright green for the palm mat roofs. A mud church, seating a thousand, is its core.

Surrounding it is a school, a children's feeding centre, hospital and recreation ground. Around these, spreading like a fan, are the homes of the patients: Women's Town, Married Quarters, Men's Town. It is all comfortable and pleasant.

Soon after I arrived, I met a young man of perhaps thirty. He didn't look to be suffering from leprosy but stretching from one shoulder to the other and down to the small of his

back was a horrible scar where he had been burned. I asked Dr. Ross, a jovial Northern Irishman in charge of the settlement, why he was there.

Ross pointed to the edges of the scar. "Look," he said. On the unburned skin, spreading outward, were little patches of lighter-coloured skin. The marks of leprosy.

"Then how did you get burned?" I asked the patient.

He shrugged, pretending not to understand. I persisted. Finally, glancing nervously over his shoulder, he told me that a witch doctor had treated him for *Norio Ocha*—Ibo for leprosy—by the use of fire.

Deathly afraid of witch doctors and of ju-ju, he would say nothing more. Later, through bribing some of the patients with rice and chickens to re-enact the witch doctor's fire "cure," I learned how it was done.

Our make-believe victim was a small boy of eleven. His name was David. And once the others had agreed to re-enact the tribal custom for me, they pitched in as if it were the real thing.

David's parents first took him to the chief and the headmen and informed them that their son had *Norio Ocha*. The chief, frowning, nodded and said he would have to consult his own special ju-ju. These were two inverted clay pots on a tripod under a tiny palm shelter.

Everyone gathered around solemnly. The chief poured palm wine over the ju-ju, mumbling incantations. He followed this by bleeding a cockerel to death over the pots.

Then all were silent while the chief listened for "voices" to advise him what action to take. Finally he nodded. The "voices" had asked for a certain witch doctor and the chief sent for him.

The witch doctor was a wizened little pigmy, dressed in a postage-stamp loin cloth and nothing else. In a bag over his shoulder he carried his drugs and instruments. Slowly and solemnly he walked into the group, his eyes fastened on the boy. Fear showed starkly on the face of every native.

The witch doctor turned to David's father. "You must pay me five pounds," he demanded.

"Four," the boy's father offered.

The pigmy turned to stalk away.

"Five, then!"

He turned back. David's father pretended to produce the five pounds and the witch doctor set up his own ju-ju—a single inverted pot. There were grunts, almost inaudible incantations and now and then a weird, terrifying screech. He, too, poured palm wine and cockerel's blood as an offering.

All this time, the boy was being held firmly by two of the headsmen. The witch doctor turned to them. "Put the boy face down on the ground," he ordered. They did so.

Plunged Brand To Shoulder

The witch doctor produced a white powder from his bag and sprinkled it over the leprous patch on the boy's right shoulder. Without warning, he suddenly pulled a large, flaming brand from the fire and plunged it towards the shoulder.

"Stop!" I shouted. I knocked the brand out of his hands and away from the boy. This was what I wanted to know, but I had not counted on the fierce little witch doctor throwing himself so realistically into the part.

Leprosy, like tuberculosis, is caused by a germ. As old as history, the disease was first mentioned in the Ebers Papyrus more than 5,000 years ago, but it wasn't until 1874 that Norwegian Dr. Gerhard Hansen discovered the lepra bacillus. Ever since that date medical scientists have been trying, without success, to grow it outside the human body.

Next, they tried *by inoculation* to transmit the disease from human to human. That also failed.

While it was once thought leprosy was "the touch of death," it is known today that healthy adults are normally immune to it. It attacks successfully only when physical defences are weak through other illness or directly through an open wound.

Invades Nerves Or Skin

When the lepra bacillus does invade, it can land on two possible beachheads—the nerves or the skin. Nerve leprosy wastes, deforms, cripples and is non-infectious. The nerves are surrounded and strangled, while on the surface of the body the signposts are blotches of discoloured skin without feeling or the power to perspire.

The bones, improperly fed, tend to shrink and waste away, especially the fingers and toes. But the bacillus is buried deeply in the victim's body.

Skin leprosy disfigures and spreads, carrying with it ugly nodules of thickening skin, under which the germs grow to a seething density unknown in any other disease. And it is infectious; but it is important to remember that leprosy itself does not kill. It can cause wracking pain, it can distort and cripple, it can blind, but sufferers usually die from tuberculosis or kidney disease. Today, almost any case of leprosy can be cured.

The classic, centuries-old treatment has been with the oil of the chaulmoogra, a tropical nut, but such cures were effective only in early cases.

In the last two years, however, sulphone drugs, injected by hypodermic syringes into the nerves and under the skin or given orally in tablet form, have been used with effects so startling that doctors hopefully believe they now have the salvation at hand for virtually every sufferer.

In Britain there are only sixty known cases of leprosy although it is estimated that 200-300 people suffer from it. Surprisingly, leprosy does not have to be notified to the authorities.

It is no longer necessary to fear the disease. But since, it is estimated, there are more than 7,000,000 people who have leprosy in the world today and barely ten per cent of these can be treated with available resources, it can be seen that the need for money and manpower to carry on the work is gravely urgent.

While it is true that one type of leprosy is infectious, the disease itself is rarely passed on to a healthy European. Babies are never born with leprosy, but children kept by infected parents for more than six months are likely to contract it within a few years.

Field Workers Aren't Carriers

In adult cases the disease may lie dormant after infection for as long as twenty-five years, but in spite of popular myths it cannot be caught from a fur coat or a banana skin. And people who work among those suffering from leprosy do not become pariahs. They go home on leave regularly; they are perfectly normal; they are not carriers.

One of our major jobs is to find early cases of leprosy and persuade them to come forward for treatment. Sometimes this is difficult. In the Ibo tribe it is believed that if leprosy attacks a person it is because the ju-ju is upset by him, therefore he is accursed.

Because of this, the victim tries to conceal it when he discovers signs of the disease on his body. Eventually, one of the headmen is certain to find out. Then he calls the witch doctor who will make one of two decisions.

He may demand money and promise a cure, a promise he cannot fulfil. Or he may confirm that the victim has upset the local ju-ju and cast him from his home and village.

But we are opposed to *compulsory* segregation or treatment. This tends to drive the disease underground. We have to use persuasion. Our method is to carry out surveys of an entire clan at a time.

Afraid Of Tax Collectors

My first experience at this was with a clan where we had done no previous work. We made arrangements to meet the paramount chief and his chieftains to discuss the possibility of making our survey. At first we met resistance. Then Dr. Ross had an idea.

"I want to make it clear," he said, "that we have come only to examine everybody for leprosy. We do *not* wish to take a census for the tax department."

The paramount chief grinned. "That," he said, "is different."

To prepare for the survey, the entire staff, African and European, set out with two lorries of food and equipment. We then split up into twos and threes, with at least one African in each party to act as interpreter. Everyone in the clan had been instructed to remain in his home until

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Leprosy test. Patient's eyes are closed and the skin stroked. Leprous spots will be without feeling

YOUNG RIP WITH A SERIOUS STREAK

Expelled from university, court-martialled, jailed: William Douglas Home has sown all the wild oats expected of an earl's younger son. Now they're bearing a rich crop **by IAN BEVAN**

ALTHOUGH William Douglas Home is not the first member of the British aristocracy to have been sent to one of His Majesty's prisons, he is probably the first ex-prisoner who has subsequently taken one of His Majesty's daughters out to dinner.

Home, who is the third son of the thirteenth Earl of Home, and a grandson on his mother's side of the fourth Earl of Durham, escorted Princess Margaret to dinner at a Mayfair restaurant a few weeks ago, a little more than four years after he had been released from Wakefield Prison.

In those intervening years he had written six plays (including two West End hits), scripted two films, conducted a vigorous campaign for prison reform, and established a firm reputation among the smart set as one of the best-looking, best-dressed and best-informed young men about town. This month London is seeing two of his new plays and the film version of an earlier one.

All in all, Home is quite a person and it is not surprising that the gossip columnist who eavesdropped on the Mayfair dinner party heard Princess Margaret exclaiming frequently, "How very clever of you."

Home is undeniably a very clever young man.

His life has been highlighted by a series of well-publicised, slightly scandalous incidents with the devil-may-care flavour which a tolerant public expects and even admires in younger sons of the peerage.

He was sent down from Oxford for driving to lectures in a phaeton drawn by a mare he called Lily in honour of the mayor of the day, Miss Lily Tawney, who had taken away his car licence.

Home, with Lana Morris and Helen Backlin, actresses in *Chiltern Hundreds*, shows Princess Margaret round set

Not-so-secret Engagement

His "secret engagement" to the prettiest actress of the 1938 season was a secret to everyone except readers of the national Press, which headlined the news as boldly as they did the story a few weeks later that "the marriage would not take place."

He wrote a play while he was still at Oxford which was accepted by a London producer; then he publicly repudiated the third act of his own script and the harassed producer had to make him sign an agreement not to spread mutiny among members of the cast.

When he made his first-night curtain speech, brash young Home looked scathingly at the audience which had applauded the despised third act and asked: "Are you all as stupid as you look?"

Even the war did not prevent his leaping into the public eye whenever a suitable by-election gave him a chance to stand for Parliament. Between 1942 and 1944 he was defeated three times as an Independent, lost his deposit once, almost made the grade another time, and would have stood on a fourth occasion except that War Office permission arrived too late.

Then came the most sensational incident of all. In September, 1944, the *Maidenhead Advertiser* printed one of the choicest scoops of the war: a signed letter from Captain William Douglas Home, on duty with the British Army in France, saying that he had refused to take part in the attack on Le Havre because, as he put it, "I do not feel justified in asking men to do battle for motives which our leaders will not publicise and which I do not therefore trust."

Front-page News

The letter made front-page news all over the world, and Home's action was the most discussed incident of the day. He was court-martialled on a charge of disobeying a lawful command, cashiered, and sent back to England to serve a year's military sentence as a civilian prisoner.

Was he justified? Members of his unit, who have since asked him to their annual reunions, have different opinions, but they all agree on one thing. Home's act was not one of cowardice; he was opposed in principle to the Allied demand for "unconditional surrender," which he thought at Le Havre would mean unnecessary sacrifice of civilian lives.

In a second letter to the *Maidenhead Advertiser*, he described it as "a foolish war-cry and one of the most outstanding examples of criminal neglect in the history of the British Empire."

A few weeks ago he was gratified to hear the Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, condemn the phrase "unconditional surrender," in language almost as strong, but in September, 1944, a junior officer in a tank regiment was in no position to defy the whole British Cabinet, and Home went to prison.

In Wormwood Scrubs he sewed pillow cases for three weeks; then he was transferred to Wakefield, where he worked in a quarry. Fellow convicts nicknamed him "The Duke," and cheered him when he did "the dance of the seven mail-bags" in their Christmas pantomime.

He earned a good-conduct remission of four months, and emerged to write a hit play based on his prison experiences, so he may be said to have come out on top morally and financially, even though he suffered physically.

Home was born in Scotland, in 1912, on the family's sixteenth-century Berwickshire estate, went to Eton, and after various scrapes with the authorities took a history degree at Oxford in 1937.

He is remarkable as one of the few literary Etonians who has not subsequently poured invective on his old school. He has poked fun at it in his new play, *Master of Arts*, but not disapprovingly, and he once published an article which gave fulsome praise to its traditions and methods. "I have travelled far," he wrote, "and I have found less snobbery among Etonians than in any other body of my fellow men."

Took His Trousers

He wrote for a school magazine called *Burning Bush*, but admits that he caused the editor many anxious moments. "I regret to say," he told a friend, "that when he wanted an article he was reduced to removing my trousers and refusing to return them until the article was completed."

His masters found it equally hard to make him put pen to paper. On one occasion he was asked to write a 500-word essay on "A probable solution of the coal problem." He replied in one word, "smoke." Nowadays he writes more willingly, and more prolifically, but the cash inducements are immeasurably greater.

Somewhere in his late Eton or early Oxford period, he decided to write plays. "It didn't occur to me then

Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, was Home's partner at the film première of *Now Barabbas*. He wrote the play in ten days

that I could make a living out of it," he said, "but I wanted to do it."

There was no family precedent for a theatrical career, but no family opposition, so he went from Oxford to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art where he studied the mechanics of his chosen profession.

A personable young man, and a reasonably accomplished actor, he soon found himself cast in a couple of West End shows.

A fellow juvenile in one of them was another ambitious youth, James Mason.

Home might have kept on acting if the war had not intervened. "I don't know if I'm good," he says. "My mother tells me I'm not natural on the stage, but I don't suppose Mr. Gielgud's mother thinks he is either."

When he was called up, he wanted to register as a conscientious objector, but refused to sign a declaration that he would never kill anyone in any circumstances.

"Sometimes," he said, "it is necessary to kill." So he joined the infantry as a private and fairly soon had his commission.

Even the irrepressible Home found himself subdued as a serving officer, but periodic by-election campaigns gave him a chance to let off steam. He made his opposition to the "unconditional surrender" policy so clear that, when he was sent to prison for it, his sister's only comment was: "We expected something like this."

Challenge To Churchill

He came out of prison a few weeks before the 1945 general election, and at once announced he would stand as an Independent against Mr. Churchill. "I spent VE-Day behind bars while he spent it behind a cigar," he said feelingly.

Home was back in the headlines again.

As things turned out, he did not run against Churchill and before very long he had joined the Conservative Party. "For me to continue to maintain that I am not a Conservative is as logical as it would be for a black sheep to maintain that it is not a sheep," he said.

But the party which he so blithely joined has refused to offer him a seat for the next election. If he stands, it will be as an Independent again and he probably will for he is determined to force his way into the House of Commons.

Modern prison regulations deprived him of the chance of joining the select band who have written masterpieces in their cells. John Bunyan and Oscar Wilde were allowed pen and paper for their *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, but Home was unable to write about his prison experiences until he was released. Then he went to stay with his parents in Scotland and wrote *Now Barabbas* in ten days.

The play was brilliant but grim and more than a little unsavoury. No commercial management would touch it. Eventually one of London's little theatres agreed to give it a trial run, the critics applauded, and within three weeks the show was in a West End theatre.

Home the playboy was forgotten. Home the politician had failed. But Home the playwright had arrived. He wrote *The Chiltern Hundreds*, which was the comedy hit of 1947 and ran for more than 600 performances. It came back to London last month for a revival season, and the film version will be showing soon.

Boos From The Gallery

His 1948 play, *Ambassador Extraordinary*, was loudly booed by the first-night gallery and closed ignominiously three weeks later. Home held a lively wake, to which he invited the booers, in his dressing-room at another theatre where he was acting as a holiday relief in *The Chiltern Hundreds*.

As a playwright, he has shown a remarkable talent for transmuting his own experiences into box office gold. His first play was about Oxford undergraduates. *The Chiltern Hundreds* was about the political troubles of an earl's younger son standing for Parliament.

His new school farce is about a young Etonian named Robin with a passion for horse racing.

This was inspired by his favourite relative, his schoolboy nephew Robin, who spends most of his holidays from Eton as a guest in his uncle's flat where he has to sleep on the drawing-room sofa.

The real-life Robin is an authority on race form and has more than earned his board by briefing Home on details for the play.

But all comedians want to play Hamlet, and Home wants to convince the critics he can write about people other than himself, his father and his nephew.

He has written an ambitious play about James IV, called *The Thistle and the Rose*, which one of London's small theatres is doing this month, and his next job will be a dramatization of Lord David Cecil's *The Young Melbourne*.

He writes quickly and easily. For the first draft he goes to Scotland and works in a summerhouse among the trees on his father's estate. He writes in pencil and a typical example of what comes out on paper is this extract from a recent manuscript:

"Last act—keep making her do it. Her voice goes. Her heart. She dies. She's dead."

Very soon this skeleton plot is expanded into some of the taut, elegantly written dialogue which has earned him the admiration of the critics. The second pencilled draft is also written in Scotland.

Then he returns to his London flat and does the third, final draft on a typewriter. It is still fairly unintelligible to any except the initiated, so a professional typist who understands his idiosyncracies prepares the final draft which goes to his manager, Bill Linnit.

Home lives in a small Mayfair bachelor flat which is generally in a state of magnificent untidiness, and his life has little of the glitter or high-pressure activity of most successful men of the theatre.

Secretary Lasted A Week

When the first night of *Now Barabbas* brought him a flood of 300 letters within a few days, he hired a secretary. The following week all that came was one letter from his father, so he sacked her.

Since then he has opened his own letters, answered them occasionally, and filed the rest in an old boot box. He subscribes to a Press cutting agency and keeps the clippings which refer to his plays, his films, or his campaign for prison reform. The gossip items—and these are many—he throws away with exclamations of annoyance.

He frankly enjoys being one of the half-dozen most successful English playwrights, but mixes little with the theatre world. When *The Chiltern Hundreds* was a hit, his agent thought he should be seen lunching at theatreland's favourite restaurant, the Ivy.

Unfortunately the head waiter did not know who Home was (perhaps he was puzzled by hearing it correctly pronounced "Hume") and couldn't find him a table. Since then he has stayed from St. Martin's Lane and stuck to Curzon Street.

Home mixes easily in the social world. His sister is married to the Duchess of Gloucester's brother, and he is a frequent guest at the house parties given by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch where guests often include royalty. Princess Margaret went with him to see *The Chiltern Hundreds* being filmed at Denham, and Sharman Douglas was his partner at the film première of *Now Barabbas*.

"My Friends The Convicts"

Yet he despises snobbery and, in his curtain speech after *Now Barabbas*, he started by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen—and in the latter category I include my friends from Wormwood Scrubs."

The social set are never quite sure whether he is laughing with them or at them. The voters, who are intrigued by his intellectual brilliance, can't make up their minds whether he should be in Parliament. The critics are still undecided just where to rank him among contemporary dramatists. But all three groups would readily agree with the Earl of Home whose summing up on his son is: "William is an extraordinary young man."

The Carnival

by CLEDWYN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A

The crowd gasped. Megan was dressed as a mermaid. Jenkins called weakly: "Daughter, have you no shame?"

Jenkins the Boats thought of it first. The village had to be livened up, he said. Megan, his daughter, agreed

THE COLOURS in Llanmor village are mostly what nature intended. Behind, the slow rise of the mountains, with gorse and heather. And in front, the sea, ever the rollers curling in to the beach with crunch and rattle of shell and shingle.

In this village of ordained colours there were few intruding shades. True, the ice-cream stall which had opened by the beach for the summer visitors had been painted green and orange in alternating stripes.

But a word from Jenkins the Boats, he who was chairman of the parish council, had been sufficient. For Jenkins was a power in Llanmor parish. He owned the pleasure boats, old ship's lifeboats which twice a day went chugging out of the End Cove filled with trippers. He took charge of the one, and his daughter Megan, the other.

A haughty girl, Megan, with a great head of fine black hair smoothed back from her forehead. Proud in body and mind and resisting always the advances of the village lads and those who came to Llanmor for a holiday. She became known as unapproachable and the lads took to shouting suggestive remarks after her and making lewd drawings in the sand of the little cove so that she should see them when she brought her boat in.

But this was done in the absence of her father. And it was he who suggested that the village needed gaiety and temporary colour; it was he who suggested the Carnival.

It had been discussed at the beginning of the season. Bookings had been bad and there had been called together this public meeting to decide how to make Llanmor more attractive.

SOME had suggested a fair and others sheepdog trials, and others had suggested a concert party. And old Mrs. Legge, she who lived alone except for dogs and cats, she had spoken about a pet show. Jenkins, who was in the chair, stood up after all the talking to answer in his condescending way.

"A fair?" Do you really think we want Llanmor contaminated with vice and with ear-ringed women? And do you think that people from towns are interested in sheep and sheepdogs, they who do not know a ram from a ewe? And concert parties? That was a better suggestion, but they who come here will be used to first-class entertainment, and what first-class entertainers will come here?"

He looked straight at old Mrs. Legge, she smoothing the hair of the head of a little Pekingese dog which sat proudly in her lap.

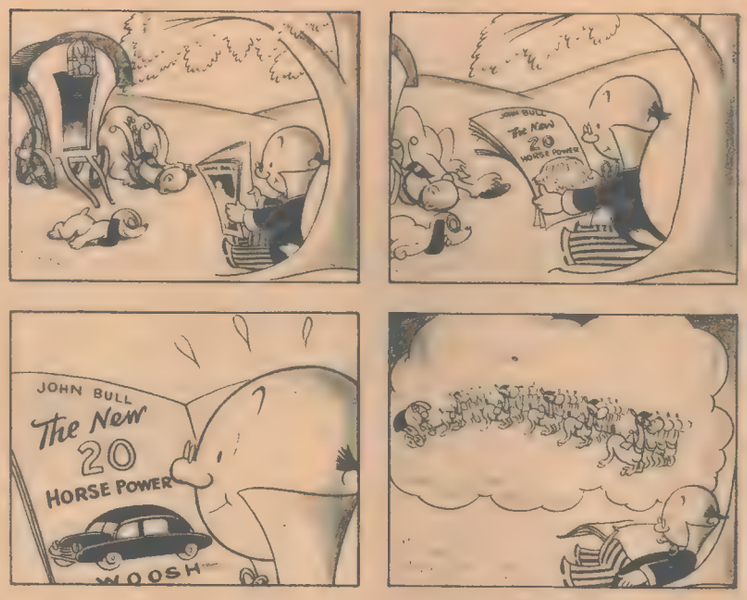
"A pet show? People come on holiday to escape their pets, Mrs. Legge."

She stood up then, ready for an argument and held the peke out like a pistol in her one hand.

"Nonsense, Mr. Jenkins, our pets are our salvation. As we treat animals, so

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



shall God treat us." She stopped as a snigger came from the people at the back of the hall. Jenkins the Boats raised a wagging finger.

"Silence please. I have a suggestion to make. I propose we have a carnival in Llanmor this year."

There was a quietness then, and he explained to them about his idea. How there would be a fancy dress procession in the afternoon with a prize for the most original costume. In the evening there would be a competition for the best-dressed small boat. In the darkness perhaps there could be fireworks and singing in the streets.

He finished: "I and my daughter Megan, we will arrange it all."

CARNIVAL day was fixed for the middle of August. Great preparations were made, for now that it was known that it was to be an affair of colour there was much designing of costumes and thinking about original ideas.

There was a rumour in the village that the vicar's wife had wanted to be a kind of modified Lady Godiva, riding in the procession in a bathing costume. But though the vicar is a broadminded man and expert at all the numbers at darts, yet it was said that he objected most strongly to this idea.

And there was rumour, too, that Mrs. Legge was coming as goddess of all animals, carrying a hunting horn in one hand and a dog biscuit in the other.

The rumours reached Jenkins the Boats, and he, being a prudish man and never allowing a girl in bathing costume or shorts to sit facing him in the boat, was worried by all this talk.

He let it be known that all entrants must meet in the field below the vicarage and that there would be a censorship. And that those not conforming to decent moral standards would be disqualified. This is not France, he said, and we do not want to see too much flesh.

And so it was on the carnival afternoon that he and his daughter Megan inspected all the entrants. She in a white linen dress, blue-banded, and looking very pretty but very important.

The procession went off very decently. The only entrant which Jenkins had to disqualify was a young boy who had a white patch on the back of his trousers and a label at the front to say THE M.P. WHO LOST HIS SEAT.

It was at seven o'clock that the decorated boats were to put out from the End Cove, that which had been made private and secret for this occasion. They were to land at the main beach with the evening tide.

There all the people were gathered, villagers and those on holiday and those from up and down the coast. There was much expectancy, for it was said that to show his enthusiasm Jenkins had dressed up one of his pleasure boats most wonderfully and put his daughter, Megan, in charge of it. He was at the front of the main beach now, a megaphone in his hand and he watching towards the line of black rocks which sheltered the End Cove.

A brass band had come for the evening. It was playing softly, the music hiding the noise of the surf and the laughing and talking of all the people.

At seven o'clock the band stopped, the players resting their instruments on the smooth concrete of the little promenade, blowing a little spit out sometimes and all of them watching with the rest of the people the edge of the rocks. There where the tide broke with a little uneven whiteness of water.

In the hush Jenkins raised his megaphone and spoke above the noise of the waves.

"Right, boats, come out one at a time please."

The first was the little dinghy of the son of the Post Office. He had made an arch of wire over his boat and hung it with ribbons and little triangular banners. All waving in the sea breeze and with a great rustle of colour. And at the side he had fixed painted Welsh mottoes. As he rowed in to the shore people clapped, and as he ran his boat up the sand the nearest people asked him what the others were like? But he only shook his head, and said:

"Wait and see."

And then with a half look to Jenkins the Boats standing high in a wheelbarrow the lad went on in a low voice:

"His Megan is wearing a sort of dressing gown to bring in the boat."

They had no time to ask him more for other boats were coming in, one at a time. Some decorated with flowers and one with a portable gramophone playing. The vicar's wife had converted a canoe into a gondola and Jacks the Garage had turned his outboard motorboat into some sort of Chinese craft, hung with paper lanterns.

IT was Mrs. Legge who caused something of a sensation. She was not a one for water and had no boat. Yet the spirit of the carnival must have infected her for she had hired a boat from the next village and a man to row it.

This boat was more of an advert than a decoration, having inside it all the cats and dogs that she possessed and along the outside hung photographs and placards on behalf of suffering animals. There was a little laughing when she came into sight, but hardly had the boat touched sand when Mrs. Legge stood up and shouted, pointing at the same time to End Cove:

"Oh, it is disgraceful. There is only one more boat to come out and that is the one owned by Mr. Jenkins and controlled by his daughter. And it is a shocking scandal. I have seen her."

People were asking questions, what was wrong? Mrs. Legge cried:

"A scandal, and you, Jenkins the Boats, should be ashamed of it."

Jenkins had the advantage over her for he could speak through his instrument. He boomed at her:

"Well, Mrs. Legge, and what is wrong with my boat and daughter? Are they not both beauties?"

"Beauty, yes indeed. Your Megan has stripped off her dressing gown."

"Dressing gown? My daughter in that?"

"Ay and worse. She has stripped off that and underneath she is dressed as a mermaid."

Jenkins the Boats did not answer her but leapt off his barrow and started to scramble through the people towards the worn twisted path which rises from the main beach to the little End Cove.

But he was too late.

There was a gasp from the crowd as the pleasure boat came slowly into sight, its engine gently coughing, a little water dripping out with the blue exhaust.

A wonderfully decorated boat. Rows of red and white roses, and a whole box full of plants at the front of it. Ribbons rose in a great mass of colour from a central tier, flashing with fairy lights, bright now that the daylight was fading.

At the back of the boat was a high statue of Father Neptune done in some sort of waxwork which Jenkins had hired for the occasion from London.

And behind the statue was Megan. Indeed a wonderfully beautiful mermaid, the bottom half of her tucked into some sort of tail. Her black hair was down over her bosom, her hand holding the blackness in place against the sea wind. Her other hand was out to the tiller.

She cruised up and down before the beach for a minute or two. All the people were very quiet and the only commotion was when the lad of the Post Office put up binoculars to look at her. The crowd hissed him down and he laughed and said:

"Looks cold as any fish, goose pimples."

It was Jenkins the Boats who called to his daughter, his voice sounding low and weak now, for he didn't use his megaphone.

"Daughter, have you no shame?"

She stopped the engine of the boat about twenty yards off shore and answered him back.

"I've never had the chance to taste it, Father."

"There is no taste to humiliation, daughter, only a flush to the face."

"I have no flush, Father. Any redness that you can see is the sunset."

"Put the boat away, I say. Go and cover up your shoulders and go home."

She laughed then but all knew that there was no joy in her voice. And they guessed that there must be some great unknown sadness between this father and daughter.

Megan called again.

"You would never let me have a young man. You made me be in at seven each night and watched and inspected me. You said that no man was good enough for me in Llanmor, but you would not let me go away to work."

"It was your pride, girl."

"Not that at all. If I smiled or spoke to any man you would know of it. You have beaten me. See, people."

She pulled her hair tighter against her neck on the one side and showed there a great blue bruise on her white skin.

"See where he has beaten me, his only daughter. He says that he loves me so much since mother died that he cannot bear for any other man to look upon me. I had to be haughty to cover up my shame. Now it is my turn to shame him. Jenkins the Boats' daughter is made a laughing stock."

She reared herself up in the boat with her two arms. "Laugh, why don't you laugh to shame him?"

She fell back in the boat then, her face in her hands. The vicar's wife and Mrs. Legge went out to her and soothed and comforted her. They brought her in to the shore and covered her with the dressing gown taken from the boat.

And she was carried up to the vicarage and they who carried her say that her tail was made of brown paper and that all the way she begged them not to take her to her father and they could hardly make her understand that she was safe; now that the true character of her father was known.

Jenkins the Boats held his head high in Llanmor for two days, hoping that his daughter would come back to him. And it was not until the afternoon of the third day after the carnival that his pride was humbled.

On that hot listless afternoon Jenkins, the chief man in Llanmor, went up to the vicarage, the great house above the sea. In one brown hand he carried his hat, in the other a long envelope.

It was the vicar himself who opened the sun-blistered front door.

JENKINS stood there in the sunlight, old, and now holding out the envelope to the vicar.

"What is this, Mr. Jenkins?"

"It is about my daughter, Megan. She is still here?"

"Yes, Megan is here. But she is planning to go away to become a nurse."

Jenkins the Boats swayed a little and the vicar caught hold of him and led him into the cool hallway.

"There, Mr. Jenkins, sit down and tell me all about this envelope."

"It is a declaration I have written out. It says that my daughter, Megan, will be safe always. If she will come back to me she shall have her own way, always and in all things."

"You want her back, Mr. Jenkins?"

"My life is empty, now. To have her in the house would be enough, even though she never spoke to me or gave me any love or called me father."

"I'll ask her, Mr. Jenkins. It is for her to decide. But you must remember this, that if you domineer over her or touch her in any way after this, then the whole of Llanmor people will stone you into the blue sea itself."

Jenkins the Boats shook his head in a sad, lost way.

"Do not worry. My days have been too empty. She was my pride, and I want her back as my daughter again."

The vicar went and came back with the girl. After a silence, she and her father became all forgiveness one to another. But the vicar opened the envelope, read the paper and said that he would keep it safely, and remember.

And so Megan has her freedom at all times. She will go to a dance at night, smiling and pleasant and friendly with all. Or she will go for a walk on a Sunday afternoon along the beach, singing to herself, the beach where she had her triumph that summer day of the carnival.

Colonel Tickelpenny starts a new case. Results come from questions, long research—and the million-to-one chance

People who disappear

by EDWARD CONNOLLY

Finding a missing person can be like looking for a needle in a haystack. Yet here's a man who has done it thousands of times

IN THE YEAR 1908, according to records in the London office of the International Investigation Department of the Salvation Army, a tippling resident of Roker Sands, Sunderland, sold his six-year-old son to a roving band of gipsies. The price for this extraordinary sale was one quart of strong, black beer.

For forty years, nothing more was heard of the missing boy. Then, one day, an old lady, eighty-eight and ailing, called at the office. There she met a silver-haired little man who looked like a benign W. C. Fields, wore the high-collared stiff blue uniform of the Army and answered to the delightfully improbable name of Lieutenant-Colonel George Tickelpenny.

In tears, she told how the secret of her boy's disappearance was withheld until her husband made a deathbed confession. She had, ever since, unsuccessfully tried to find her lost son.

"We'll do what we can," promised the colonel. Six months later he found the missing man—now forty-six, married and with children of his own—selling ice cream in the streets of King's Lynn. Mother and son were reunited and Tickelpenny went back to locating other missing persons.

For, until his recent retirement, all disappearance cases handled by the Salvation Army in this country passed over the colonel's desk. Many others came from abroad.

His record of successes was amazing. Of 4,000 disappearances he handled each year, no fewer than 3,500 were solved. If a hunt seemed hopeless, Tickelpenny took it on. When a person could no longer afford to pay private inquiry agents to continue a search, he was glad to offer the Salvation Army service, of which he was chief. No charge was ever made.

Ten Cases A Day

One of a working-class family of seven sons, George Tickelpenny became an electrical engineer's apprentice in his home city of Manchester in his early teens. At fifteen he enlisted in the Salvation Army and, when he reached twenty-one, he abandoned his trade and became an officer cadet. Eventually he was made chief at the International Investigation headquarters.

To handle more than ten incoming cases each day, Tickelpenny had an immediate staff of only eight assistants. His office, on the third floor of a grimy Petticoat Lane building, was tiny and austere. But 50,000 agents, officers and personnel of the Army in Britain and throughout the world, were at his constant call.

Tickelpenny made good use of these resources. Once, for example, a young woman of about thirty asked him to help find her father whom she had not seen or heard from in twenty-six years. All she knew was that he was tall and that he walked with a pronounced limp.

The colonel, after a painstaking search, found him.

"His home," he relates, "was in Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, and he was, by now, seventy and badly crippled. But when I contacted him he immediately climbed into his bath chair and hand-propelled it the ninety-one miles to my office in London."

Frequently, of course, the police have asked the Army's Investigation Department to help locate less cooperative characters. More than once the colonel was successful, and he recalls a particular case of handing over to them a jewel thief who had actually called at his office for assistance.

All this may sound colourful and dramatic, but usually the search for missing people is crowned with success only after hours, days, even months of dull routine. Some cases have taken up to five years.

The combing of directories and marriage and death certificates has often unearthed a clue. Sometimes a persistent round of churches turned up a vicar with a good memory who could help locate a former parishioner.

Hospital records and election registers have proved invaluable aids. And in between were calls on individuals, rounds of firms and factories, and never-ending legwork which involved house-to-house calls in the faint, nagging hope that the person who answered the door might remember the man who lived around the corner twenty years ago.

He Keeps His Secrets

There was no shadowing, none of the exciting, fictional trappings of the popular thriller. Instead came research, interviews with people who more often than not had nothing to tell or wouldn't tell it and the priceless access to unusual sources of information which the colonel, even today, will not disclose.

Sometimes he was even allowed to examine prison records. Surprisingly often, he found exactly what was missing in the lodging entries of the Army's own hostels.

When all other means were exhausted without results, Colonel Tickelpenny advertised. When it improved his chances of making a find, he farmed out his inquiries to his thousands of willing workers.

During the war, of course, Service cases multiplied the volume of Tickelpenny's work and until a few months ago anxious parents were still asking him to trace their missing soldier sons.

Even the postwar period brought a new note to his job. Every week brought dozens of letters from people in occupied Germany who wanted to find their relatives in Britain.

In addition, German girls who planned to become domestic workers for families here, fearful of reports of a white slave traffic, wrote to ask the Army to check on the agencies who had promised them jobs. Usually, the colonel could reassure them, but not long ago he had to write back advising a girl to cancel her arrangements.

Luck, as always in such cases, has now and again helped solve Tickelpenny's most puzzling disappearances. Devoutly religious, the colonel prefers to call it Providence.

Found By Chance

He cites the instance of a woman who wrote him from Canada asking to help find her long-lost sister whom she thought might be found in one of the southern suburbs of London. Routine inquiries had drawn blanks.

Then, one day, an agent checking up in South-East London, was asked to help comfort a heartbroken old woman whose son had just died. As the officer was about to leave, the bereaved mother made a chance remark that her only living relative now was a sister abroad.

The odds were a million to one against, but it was worth checking. To everybody's pleased amazement, it developed that the bereaved mother was indeed the missing woman.

"And that," says Colonel Tickelpenny, "is what I mean by Providence. How else would we have found her?"

Night without stars

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

If the operation failed, there would be complete blindness. From then on, my life would be eternal night. But if it succeeded? It was a risk—a risk I had to take

TWO THINGS HAPPENED the day they took the bandages off my eyes in the base hospital. The first was that I found I could see a bit—not well, but enough to make out objects at close range. The second was that Rachel, my fiancée, told me she was in love with another man.

There was nothing I could do about either. The eye might improve in time, they told me; so I went back to partnering in the solicitor's office, played a bit of golf, and generally tried to carry on as though nothing had happened.

The eye *might* have improved, but it didn't. It got worse. I went to see Halliday, the eye surgeon. He told me the operation had left a scar that was now tightening and pulling the pupil out of shape. It might never grow worse; on the other hand it might.

Actually, it *did* get worse. I tried to disguise it from people and from myself, but it was no good. I began to get really fed up with everything. Then the Wintertons, friends in Beaulieu, near Monte Carlo, invited me to stay for the winter.

I went; passed a few leisurely weeks sunning, gossiping, drinking cocktails. But it was no good. I knew I was going blind, and it was doing queer things to me psychologically. I had to get away and be by myself for a bit.

I did just that, and landed up in Nice. I walked a lot, thought a lot, and got steadily more depressed. One day, I went to buy a new pair of shoes. Trying them on, I walked a few paces, then couldn't find the way back to my seat. I stumbled over a stool and went flat.

The girl serving me thought I'd fainted, and there was a minor panic, but at last I got out, badly shaken, and had a quiet drink at a café opposite. The fall had almost settled it. There seemed nothing for it now but to wait for the guide dog and the white stick or—or end it all.

At this point, the girl from the shoe shop turned up. It was her lunch hour and she came and took pity on me. Her name was Alix Delaisse (married, as it turned out) and I found myself making a date with her.

Alix was certainly good for my morale. I began to see more of her and to learn more about her. Her husband, Jacques, was dead. He had been a Resistance leader. I also met a friend of hers (a very intimate friend, it seemed), one Pierre Grognard, to whom I took an instant dislike. He was a large, flashy type, owned three expensive restaurants, and had made lots of money during the Occupation.

The dislike was mutual. He lost little time in warning me that Alix was his "property." I didn't let it bother me.

One day, out sailing with Alix, we ran into a storm and made for Villefranche where Alix's mother-in-law, Mère Roget, ran the Café Gambetta.

I sensed a certain amount of hostility. I gathered that the family wanted her to marry Pierre Grognard. I also learned that, oddly enough, he had been her dead husband's best friend, and a member of the same Resistance group. However, after a few visits, I became friendly with them all. Alix's attitude was meanwhile becoming curiously strained.

One night she told me she would not be able to see me again. I saw her back to her apartment. We were both in a curious emotional state. If it was to be the last night, well. . . .

And then on the stairs we met Grognard and my dream faded. There was a row and I left.

Meanwhile, I was running short of money. John Chapel, the consul, an old friend, arranged a meeting with an exporter called McWheeler, who wanted legal work doing from time to time. Three days later, thinking the proposition over, I got a mysterious phone call.

It was from Alix—and she didn't want the person with her to know whom she was ringing. But I understood she was at Grognard's flat, and she needed help.

I managed to get to the flat, and found the door open. No one was there. I groped around, found the furniture upturned, things smashed. Exploring the sofa, I found a man's hand. It was Grognard's; and he was dead. I was in such a panic to get away I left my stick.

After a sleepless night, I called round at Alix's apartment, but she'd gone—to get married, the landlady told me!

Stunned, I went to the Café Gambetta to see if I could learn more about Alix, but here the nightmare deepened. Nobody knew me; they told me that the Café Gambetta didn't exist; that the familiar street was called by another name. I wondered if I was going mad.

No news had as yet appeared in the papers, and John Chapel's advice was to go home as quickly as I could, or alternatively to see Charles Bénat, an amusing, cynical lawyer whom I'd already met.

Bénat was a curious chap. He'd been area chief of all local Resistance forces, and now, with a lucrative practice, lived opulently by himself in a mansion out of town. He floored me by saying the dead man couldn't have been Grognard. He'd seen him since at Grasse, a nearby town. He thought the whole thing a practical joke, advised me to go home and forget it.

But the advice was too glib. He'd listened to my story in perfect silence—a silence that I'd known in only one other person. And that person had sat and watched me one night (undetected, as he'd thought) in the Café Gambetta.

PART V

Back to London

A WEEK later, I went back to England. It's all right to talk about swallowing your pride, but it's hard enough when it comes to the point. But, as Bénat said, there wasn't much else I could do.

If I went to the police I could offer them my story, a blind man's evidence. They would listen politely and put the statement away in a drawer. Or perhaps they wouldn't even listen politely.

Left to myself, I should have hung on the month to confront Alix and Grognard when they came back. I was on the spot, and it needed no intiative to wait. But I was down to my last five pounds.

Then at the crucial moment McWheeler turned up again, and his presence weighted the scale. Representatives of his Chamber of Commerce would be in London next month, and if I cared to meet them he thought something might be worked out between us. I wasn't at all sure I wanted his job, supposing it to be had; but looking after it seemed so much more active, so much more dignified than moving back to the Wintertons as a non-paying guest. So I argued with myself that I was sick of everything to do with Alix and that a breath of English air would be a welcome change after all this unpleasantness. Altogether it would depend very much on the way the wind set when I got back to England whether I ever left it again.

London wasn't very welcoming. The flat was gone, and hotel life is expensive and dreary. At home the drawback seemed worse, more conspicuous.

What kept me going were the concerts. I went to one every night there was anything on—ballet if nothing better—and on Saturdays and Sundays could usually contrive two in the day. Still, it was unsatisfactory having no one to talk them over with afterwards.

I told Cousin Lewis of the Proposition McWheeler.

He said: "It doesn't strike me as being your—hm—cup of tea, Giles. Mercantile law's one thing—French commercial law another. Lot of study would be needed. Could you do it?"

"There are ways."

"Much better—hm—come back to your own firm. Business growing and I'm overworked."

"There'd be a certain satisfaction in holding down a job that wasn't anybody's charity."

"Nonsense, there's no charity in coming back here. You could pull your weight in all sorts of ways."

"I shall have to fight it out. At the moment I just don't know."

"I suppose they're aware of your disability?"

"I'm not sure. McWheeler knows I'm very shortsighted."

"I suppose you'll tell them?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, personally"—Lewis cleared his throat once or twice—"personally, of course, if I were in your position, I shouldn't want to leave England and my friends—it would be the last thing. But if for some reason I felt I had to go off again I'd be much more inclined to try to get over on health grounds. It's altogether different now you're here personally. I should think Halliday could put your case to the Treasury in such a way as to make it seem essential. My own feeling would be to go and talk it over with Halliday first."

"Afraid it isn't mine. I'm sick of eye specialists."

"Just so. You must be. Well, there it is. If you feel like taking on a job which is likely to be so exacting—always supposing you get it—then you must go ahead. I wish you well. . . ."

During that week I argued it out—trying to settle whether I did want to go back or not—trying to decide as well whether there was any more than a chance likeness between Bénat and the man who'd been at Villefranche. Neither question got anywhere, and in the end I drifted with events. So I saw McWheeler's Chamber of Commerce after all. It was either funny or pathetic, I don't know which.

The meeting was in a room at the Savoy, and I couldn't move about as freely as in the Chapel's sitting-room. There were four of them on the board, and for a while they put me through a pretty searching scrutiny. Then, one of the chaps who'd been putting up most of the opposition cottoned on to the fact that I was a little more than just shortsighted. He began to take a kindlier, more charitable view, and in the end, the job was mine if I wanted it. On those terms, I didn't.

Perhaps it wasn't as bad as that. I should have been able to do a good bit for them. But if I couldn't get a job on the plain merits of the case I wasn't taking one at all. Perhaps it was silly but it was the way I felt.

IT didn't come easy asking favours, even of Halliday, but now there was no other way out.

With the McWheeler job gone the need to go back had contrarily grown stronger. I just wasn't willing to forget what had happened in Nice. Not a minute or a syllable of it. Of course, one could try to push money across and manage that way, but the heavy fines being dealt out all round just then didn't make it seem a healthy pastime. Besides, unlike Charles Bénat, familiarity with the law hadn't brought contempt. I kept putting off the visit to Harley Street and putting it off, but eventually after about a fortnight I made a date.

Halliday listened to what I had to say and grunted a bit.

"Oh, I think something can be done about that. The health of the eyes is partly governed by the health of the body. Mind you, if you'd asked my advice before going last time I should have said the intense light wasn't what you wanted at all. However, all that low-grade irritability looks as if it's cleared up. Come round tomorrow and I'll have something thought out. After all, I don't think the Treasury can afford to be too mean. If it hadn't been for men like you there wouldn't be any sterling area left."

"I leave it to you to make up the story."

"I can see your eye has deteriorated a good deal since I saw you last. Sight isn't completely gone, is it?"

"Pretty well."

"A great pity. You're sensitive to certain impressions still? It won't get

Coulson cut into the top of the eyeball with a knife. He said: "Straight ahead, just as if you were looking at a football." I started to sweat

any worse now, if that's any consolation."

"Not very much."

"I'll just examine you while you're here."

I sighed in resignation and sat back in my chair. The usual thing followed.

He grunted. "Ye—es. Can you see that?"

"As a flash of some sort, yes."

"Um. You have no watering or redness now? This is the normal condition of the eye?"

"I haven't had any trouble of that kind for nine months. But the loss of sight's come just the same."

"Oh, yes, it would; it would. I wonder if it might be worth your seeing Mr. Coulson."

"Who's he?"

"A surgeon who's done some remarkable operations during the last year or two."

Oh yeah? I thought.

"What could he do?"

"Well . . . as the eye was last time I saw it, no one could have done anything. Now, it's just possible he might think it worth attempting. And there wouldn't be any harm in your seeing him, anyway."

"No harm, perhaps."

Halliday grunted. "Definitely if I were in your shoes I should make the effort. I don't want to raise any false hopes——"

"You won't."

"——But in this case a second opinion . . . before you go abroad. After all, you've very little to lose."

I'd had six or eight opinions while in hospital.

"Where does he live?"

"He has rooms just round the corner in Queen Anne's Street, but I should arrange for you to see him at the Vauxhall where he's consultant surgeon. Of course, it's entirely up to you."

A visit to the Vauxhall for another bout of head shaking. "All right," I said.

COULSON was a little man with a quick, rather nervous way of talking and warm, light hands. He sounded more like a business man than a surgeon.

He said: "The sight of the left eye isn't gone, Mr. Gordon, it's *obscured*. Mr. Halliday will have explained, no doubt."

"He did, but I didn't follow him."

"What he proposes is that I should perform an iridotomy. Of course, in an eye with a history like yours it's so much a matter of chance what one finds behind. There might be any sort of disorganization arising from the earlier injuries."

"I follow roughly."

"Well, it's like this. You know what the pupil is, don't you? It's the gap in the eye that the light goes through. Like the iris diaphragm in a camera. It expands or contracts according to the amount of light it has to cope with. Surrounding it is the iris. Well, the operation you had two years ago left a scar which contracted badly, drawing the iris so much out of shape that it has now almost completely closed the gap. No pupil's left, d'you see. Little light gets in. What I should do if I attempted that operation would be to cut you a new pupil."

I thought this one out.

"What then?"

"Then the eye would begin to function more or less normally again."

"I should see?"

"Yes, if it was a success."

"What's against it?"

"At any time it's an operation of great delicacy. The extra hazards in this case I've already told you."

"And if the hazards turned up?"

Coulson blew out a slow breath. "At present you can tell the difference between daylight and darkness; you can detect, though you can't identify, objects moved in the region of the eye. It helps you to live your life. There are three possibilities if I operated. One is full sight. A second is a great improvement in the light you would get but slight or no increase of vision. The third is complete darkness."

"What are the chances?"

"It's almost impossible to say. . . . If I had to make some sort of estimate I should say three to two."

"Against?"

"Against complete success, yes."

"Well, that's frank, anyhow."

"There'd be no virtue in being otherwise. But I may be unduly cautious. I'm going somewhat on the history Mr. Halliday has provided, d'you see."

I got up and stretched my legs. "Would you mind if I had a cigarette?"

"Of course not. Have one of mine."

"Thanks."

"D'you find much difficulty in getting them?" he asked. I could detect the flicker of his lighter.

"No, as a matter of fact, I don't smoke much now."

We talked shortages for a while.

I said: "There's one thing. This operation you're proposing: might it mean the same as last time? Sight for twelve months, then a tactful fade-out?"

"Not if it's successful. There's no reason why you should get any decrease of vision afterwards—provided you get the vision at all. But there's no hurry to

decide. I'd advise you to go home now and think it over quietly. Discuss it with your wife—I beg your pardon, your family then. Try to weigh up the alternatives. For my part, if I were in your place, I should have it done, not because I was in any way certain of success but because the possible gain is so much greater than the possible loss."

The cigarette was proving the usual disappointment.

"I suppose it would be the usual local anaesthetic?"

"Yes. You don't find that very unpleasant, do you?"

"Well, there are nicer ways of spending the afternoon."

He said with a twinkle: "I always operate in the morning."

"All right. Thank you for your candour. I'll let you know in, say, a week."

"There's no hurry. Goodbye."

THAT night I faced up to the reasons for still hesitating about Coulson, and now the thing came fairly clear. It wasn't the operation which stood in the way. What I was afraid of was failure. Since that first day with Alix, I'd grown more or less reconciled. Her company had done it. Even when she disappeared, the old feeling hadn't quite come back. But Halliday and Coulson had put forward a new hope, however thin. Once let me accept it as a possibility—and going for the operation meant accepting it—then any failure would be the end. You can't go on offering the same carrot to the same donkey.

I looked all round it that night and thought, already it's taking you all your time not to get excited about it, not to start thinking what it would be like to see again, to go back perhaps to Nice, to know what Alix really looks like, to find out the truth about Pierre. . . . But above all to see Alix and discover whether your feeling for her is solid or sham. Coulson and Halliday have put the seed there whether you want it or not; it's there now, stirring and sprouting. Caroline saw that this evening. That's what she was trying to guard against.

Perhaps there never was really any choice. Perhaps it was only fallacy to sit back and think, I can do this or that. From the minute Halliday said, see Coulson, a movement inside me had begun, and without fail it would lead to the hospital and the knife.

It was all very well to say I'd very little to lose. In a sense I had my eyesight to lose over again.

The next morning I phoned Coulson and made an appointment to go into the ophthalmic wing at the Vauxhall on the following Monday night. . . .

They gave me a little room facing south in the same corridor as the general ward but separated from it by the matron's room. On the Tuesday morning the sun fell across my bed, crept up to my hands, but by the time Coulson arrived clouds had blown up and the day seemed chilly again.

Or perhaps it was just his manner. I always think, however hard they try to be cheerful and kind, there's a faintly sinister air about the surgeon and the nurses when there's an operation in prospect. One gets a ha-ha-but-no-nonsense impression, as if they once had to deal with a hysterical child and have never quite forgotten it. Or maybe it's just the circumstances.

Eye operations aren't much different from other operations except that you know more about them at the time, which is no asset. They'd given me luminal and had been putting cocaine drops in the eye every five minutes for the half-hour before he came, so things were more or less ready when we got into the theatre. When I felt Coulson's warm hands on my forehead I thought, well, this is it.

They began by injecting more cocaine—into the lower lid with a hypodermic—and then they pottered about for a few minutes while this also took effect. This part always reminds me of having a tooth out. Only the rest is different. I heard Coulson reject one of the instruments laid out for him, and another had to be brought.

The other doctor, Saunders, sponged my eyelid and surrounding face with some sort of oily iodine, and presently Coulson's hands were back again like warm butterflies; and he fixed in a speculum, which is a wire thing on a spring to keep the eyelids apart. Then he pinched a tiny bit of the eyeball between forceps to hold the eye steady and cut into the top of the eyeball with a knife.

"Now perfectly still, old man," he said. . . .

It was damned hot in the room and I could feel myself beginning to sweat.

They mopped up some of the fluid which had drained out of the eye, and Coulson said:

"Straight ahead, just as if you were looking at a football a few feet away: that's right. Very still. Don't *squeeze* the lids."

At this stage I gather he inserted the iridotomy scissors into the eyeball. I tried to think about that last journey home in the swaying bus together and the walk to her flat with our fingers clasped; and the telephone call a few days after, and the clopping hoofs of the horse taking me to Pierre's place. I thought, if this comes off. . . .

Coulson said: "Steady," and here he must have begun to cut the iris. I didn't think of anything then.

After a minute he said: "Splendid. Quite still. Eye on the ball, that's it."

Light fell on my eye. I said: "Christ."

He said: "Perfectly clear lens, Saunders. Better than I'd hoped. Just a few seconds more, old man." He withdrew the scissors.

I thought, here is the path to anonymity and here the signs . . . some poem. I must have gone a bit queer for a minute or two. When I came up again they were bandaging the eye. There was water running.

COULSON was saying: "Never know *what* you're going to find. Halliday warned me in this case that. . . ." His voice changed completely and he said: "Well, old man, it's all over. Wasn't too bad, was it. Feeling better?"

I said: "Success?"

"All very good so far as the surgical part goes." Because of the change in his voice I didn't quite believe him. "Now we must have rest and quiet for a few days. Peace and patience."

I said: "Never told me what sort of football to look at. Soccer or rugger."

"What? Oh, that." He chuckled politely. "Soccer preferably. It's round, you know."

"Was looking at rugger ball. Hope it won't affect result."

He said: "Now back to bed. See he gets absolute quiet, sister. I'll be round tomorrow or Wednesday, Mr. Gordon. That's right. Just a little patience now. We'll have you up and about early next week."

Then the hours of darkness and doubt. After a bit, shut up in the black room of your head, your mind gets like a squirrel, going round and round, treading the familiar ground for the sake of being on the move. Then you've got to stop it, stand four square with yourself, say: this is me, all that ultimately counts; you're cosy, shut up like this, think, reason, get to know yourself, build something to show for it, be rational, sane in the darkness, creative. And your mind stays politely quiet for a few minutes—then as soon as it can it slips back to the treadmill.

The hopeful things. "Perfectly clear lens, Saunders," he'd said. "Better than I'd hoped." Did that mean much? Not said to me but to the other surgeon. Not for effect, then. Clear lens. Better than hoped. But what had he hoped? What had he been afraid of?

Then his later voice: dry, different. "Never know *what* you're going to find. Halliday warned me in this case. . . ." A dry voice, tired and vaguely flat. Disappointed perhaps. Or faintly angry. Halliday had warned him but hadn't warned him perhaps of the right dangers. *What* you're going to find. What had he found? A healthy eye or a diseased one?

A few hours after the operation, when the cocaine was wearing off, they gave me more luminal to ease things up, so I didn't get much pain. It ached from time to time, that was all. Once a day they took the bandages off and put in atropine drops to keep the pupil dilated; and they put in some sort of antiseptic drops at the same time. The shades were always very carefully drawn, but in the second before the drops bleared everything I knew I could see. I could see the white glimmer of the nurse's cuff and the dark ridge of her shoulder, and daylight filtering in through a few cracks and the dropper moving towards my eye: then blob. . . . "Not today, Mr. Gordon. Another twenty-four hours, perhaps. It depends what Mr. Coulson says. You've only been bandaged two days yet. . . ." and so on.

Of course I was excited about that, but past experience, and one or two other blind people I'd talked to in those early days, had taught me that the knife can sometimes bring sight back for a few days but can't keep it. Now and then I still got flashes of light in the other eye, but they didn't count for anything.

Pierre's flat with the light and the fire on and the feel of his sticky hair. The smell of Walter's new American car. The concertina at Villefranche. Charles Bénat's voice, casual, indifferent; yet something in the man like a thin taut wire. . . . I thought, if I'm still blind, well, I still have the heart to go back and grope again. Stay with the Wintertons a month to break the ice. Everybody sorry for me. One of the hardest things to bear. Queer. . . .

I thought, too, of Rachel, wondered if she ever remembered the times we spent together, if her marriage was a "success." I thought of Bénat's advice: "Come back in a year. On the law of averages. . . ." Rachel had been married, too. She and Alix. Everything about them was so different. I'd met Rachel when an officer in the R.A., with all the faintly glamourizing effect of uniform, of being on leave, of wanting and getting a good time in a short time. When I met Alix I was a groping cripple. From one angle it seemed that my friendship with Rachel was the abnormal one—from another, Alix. It depended on the way you looked at it.

ON the fourth day Coulson came with Halliday. Nurse Rogers was with them but not the matron.

"Good morning, Mr. Gordon. Morning. Well, feeling all right today? Think it's about time we had some of these bandages off."

"High time, from my point of view."

"Yes, I can understand your impatience. Natural enough. Still, it's no good spoiling the ship. I've brought Mr. Halliday along."

"So I gather. Good morning."

"Good morning. I'm glad to hear that things have gone so well."

"Have they?" I said. "So am I."

Coulson said: "We've been telling him that for four days but he rather doubts our veracity."

"Proof of the pudding," I said.

Nurse Rogers had pulled the shades to, and now she began to unwrap the bandages. I began to sweat.

I could see the light before the last was off, and as that came Halliday was standing at the foot of the bed and a rather stout middle-aged man was peering down at me on the opposite side from Nurse Rogers.

"God Almighty," I said.

"Proof of the pudding, Mr. Gordon," the middle-aged man said. "As you see, Halliday, we've been lucky."

After a minute Halliday grunted and said: "Pull one of the shades up, nurse. We can dispense with them by degrees."

Nurse Rogers let in some light. She was a small dark young woman with good teeth. When I could get a chance past the peering heads I saw it was raining.

"God Almighty," I said.

Halliday was plucking at his lip. "It's quite surprising. One of the most satisfactory I've seen. If no irritable tendency has developed so far. . . . I congratulate you, Coulson. And you, Gordon."

"A very good patient," Coulson said. "A tendency towards scepticism, but we must forgive him that."

I said: "I can see better than after that first operation."

"So you should. There's no inflammation to interfere with the sight."

I felt a bit like crying into the bedclothes. I cleared my throat irritably and said: "How long is it likely to stay like this?"

"You're all right. Don't worry about that. Of course, we'll have to take care of you for a few days yet."

SOMEBODY'D put some flowers on the dressing table. They were yellow chrysanthemums and pink michaelmas daisies, and the vase was green. My hairbrush was on the table, and the letter Nurse Rogers had read to me, from Caroline; and a glass of water and a box of some sort and a handkerchief.

I said: "I can see without my glasses."

"Yes, the old ones won't be much use to you now," said Coulson. "Halliday'll fix you up with a new pair in a day or two. You'll probably feel better to keep on wearing them."

They talked for about five minutes. It all seemed quite casual to them, just a matter-of-fact part of the day, a matter for sober satisfaction, just as it would have been a matter for sober regret if it had gone the other way. I wanted to shake them out of it, make them realize.

As they turned to go I looked at the clock on the table: it was twenty minutes past eleven; I looked at the chart beside it and saw that my temperature was subnormal; I looked out again at the bit of greyness which was the October day. The silver rods of rain showed up against the window opposite. I was glad Nurse Rogers went with them to the door; it gave me a chance of trying to look normal again before she came back.

Even then I worried a good bit. All that night and the following day, because the stakes were high. In the evening when Coulson came in I tackled him about it.

He said: "We're hiding nothing from you now. I suppose it's natural you should feel like that. But you must understand in an operation of such delicacy it would be inexcusable to claim too much. In your case one had to be specially cautious because of the complications which followed the last operation, d'you see. If that had come again. . . ."

"And what possibility is there in the future?"

"A cut that heals satisfactorily in the eye is no more likely to give you trouble than a cut that heals in the body."

I said: "I met a man in hospital in Sussex, naval gunnery officer, blind from blast. They operated on one eye—for a detached retina, I think. In a week he could see right enough, but a fortnight after leaving hospital the thing slipped and he was as blind as ever. . . ."

He said: "What a man you are for worry. There's nothing to slip in your eye. I haven't stitched anything on or

pinned anything up. You're all of a piece." He got up. "Joking apart, have you looked at yourself in the mirror yet?"

"Not closely."

"Well, you may think the new pupil I've given you is a bit tent-shaped. Don't worry, it'll round off in time."

"I don't care what shape it is, so long as it works."

At the door he came back, blew out a breath. I wondered what he was going to say.

"If you feel like it, six months or twelve months, come back and I'll attempt something with that other eye. I believe I could make it function to some extent. Even though you might not get a lot of advantage, it's much healthier to have an eye that isn't a dead loss, and it always helps the good one to see better."

"Thanks," I said. I'll think about that."

WHEN you come out of Dartmoor after a long stretch it may be that you would feel something the way I felt that afternoon twelve days later, standing on the corner of the street watching the traffic lights change colour and the buses grind to a stop and the taxis panting and the crowds.

I remember that day I met Alix, feeling blindness had caught me up at last and that I'd really no place in the world, that I was a ghost of a man, waiting to go. There was an affinity with this day, for I felt a ghost of a man who had just come back. Rip Van Winkle, the returned soldier, the released convict, peering about for a friendly sign, a familiar face. Every now and then my eye would get bleared up, not with the old troubles but with feelings that I couldn't keep in hand. I wanted to cry like a kid.

In spite of all Coulson told me I was still scared. Scared stiff. It was too good to be true. They said the sight was five-sixths of normal; but with glasses I could see practically as well as I'd ever seen, except that it was one-sided and therefore still clumsy. But I'd got used to that way of looking last year and the year before. It was like opening up a black-out curtain and finding the sun there all the time.

It's no good going over all I did and felt those first weeks and months. There's the mental change as well as the physical. Your attitude doesn't adapt itself in a day. In my case I seemed to be harking back not to the few months of semi-seeing at the end of the war but to the pre-Army life of six years ago, and the gap was hard to jump.

I did the things one would expect—saw something of Lewis and the office, tried to pick up the threads of a few friendships. But often people had developed their own interests, and I wasn't somehow quite ready yet to meet them half-way. I was not properly awake—and still insecure, still groping.

After a bit I moved from the hotel, took a flat in Kensington, though it wasn't as good as the old one.

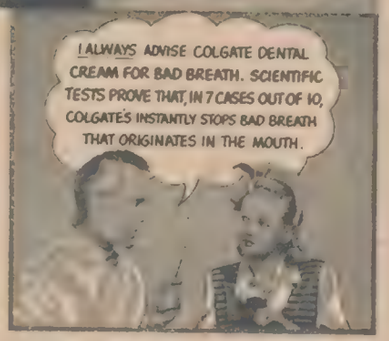
Christmas in Oxford. Out walking every day when the weather was fine. Aimlessly strolling. 'And I saw in my dream how Mr. Greatheart came to Oxford city to be healed of the wounds that he had gotten . . . when his hurts began to be on an healing, he made shift to go abroad betwixt his crutches to view that city.' Maybe it was something that way with me.

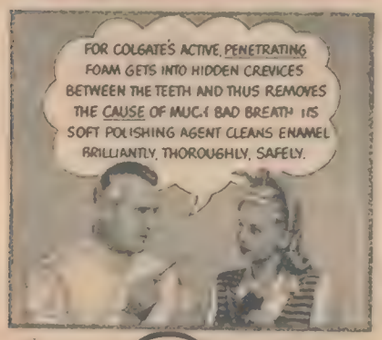
Every day I went out, keeping mostly clear of the main streets, through the

Luckily the postman was there and a woman was taking letters. I said: "Does Mme Delaisse still live here?"

When a man's married - his troubles begin!

. . HE'S LOSING INTEREST IN ME. AND WE'VE ONLY BEEN MARRIED THREE MONTHS
YOU POOR KID. BUT, DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT BAD BREATH?


I ALWAYS ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM FOR BAD BREATH. SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT, IN 7 CASES OUT OF 10, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH.


FOR COLGATE'S ACTIVE, PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH AND THUS REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH. ITS SOFT POLISHING AGENT CLEANS ENAMEL BRILLIANTLY, THOROUGHLY, SAFELY.

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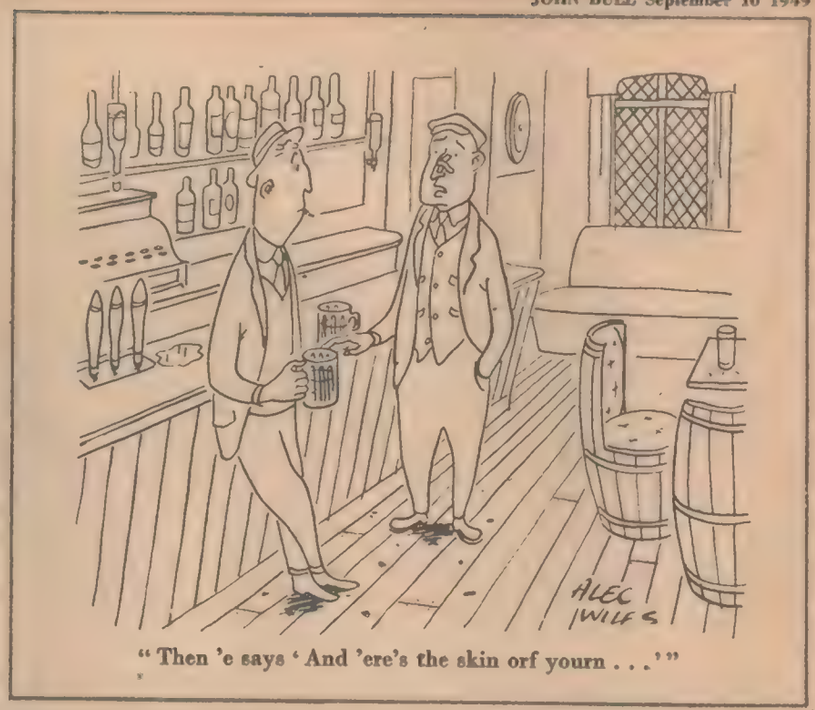

"Then 'e says 'And 'ere's the skin orf yourn . . .'"

quiet alleys and closes of the town. I remember one day it snowed, and I walked down Bear Lane and Oriel Street and Merton Street to Magdalen Bridge. The water was a kind of bottle green, moving as slow as a snake, and the Tudor towers glimmered in it. The trees were all built up into a white architecture of their own; and the snow sky had broken up and there were pools and drippings of green in it as if a thaw had come. Starlings were chattering in the snow, fighting for a crust.

During that week the tightness inside me began to slacken off at last. I began to feel the change was true, not just another promise which would go wrong like the last.

In the new year I stayed with an aunt in Yorkshire. More walking here, though of a different kind. It seemed for a time as if that was the thing I wanted to do most; not to think much but to give one's body something regular to do while one's mind took a holiday.

Then when spring came and a slow reassurance, and the sense of invalidism began to lift, another reluctance grew up. Perhaps it was going to be all right, all the things that I'd wanted so much were more or less permanently back: to be able to read and drive a car and meet people on an ordinary basis. If that was so, then I wanted just those things and no others, normalcy and nothing else. France was the unusual. France was the place where I'd been made a fool of; the very smell of the flowers and the food and the streets would bring back vividly the double frustration.

Oh, there was the pull of Alix—it wasn't the sort of thing one "got over"—there was the niggling anxiety that by not following it up at once something precious and important was being allowed to slip away, that in a sense I might be letting Alix down somehow; there was the itch to know, the old pugnacious desire not to be beaten; but just at present these feelings all together weren't quite strong enough to shift the balance.

. . Other things began to relax, too. When I finally got down to reading I read a good bit; philosophy, poetry, things there'd been no time for since that year in Paris. I felt faintly ashamed, trying to work out something to fit my view of the universe now things were going well. The time for that, when the really big person would have showed himself, was last year. Instead I'd been bitter and suicidal. I'd developed a terrific inferiority complex which must have stuck out a mile. I'd been pretty egocentric about the whole thing.

I found I could see almost as well without glasses as with, except for long bouts of reading, but I kept them on just the same as a protection. I put in a certain amount of work, but couldn't settle yet to regular attendance at the office. Lewis grumbled sometimes.

In May it seemed a good idea to spend a fortnight fishing in Devonshire. That would set me up for the summer. After that maybe one would settle down to law, in September think out the French business afresh, see if one wanted to face it then.

Going to Devon meant rather more of a pack up than previous visits to sisters and aunts. I fished out the larger case, which was plastered with records of Continental travel.

A QUEER feeling; even the smell of the inside of the case was reminiscent. It struck at me with a sensation of alarm, as if there was danger in it, or had been, and the old gods were calling. A few odds and ends hadn't been taken out. I'm not tidy at the best of times, and blindness doesn't help. There was the torn-off bill of my dinner on the train, a couple of programmes of concerts with the Wintertons, the pair of shoes bought from Alix wrapped up in an old paper. Those gave me a turn. I unwrapped them, looked them over, the smell of the leather seemed to bring back that day. I wondered if I'd been a fool to funk going back, to leave something like that unfinished, a loose end of life.

I put the shoes away and tipped out the other things: bathing trunks, a pair of shorts, a beach towel, threw them on the bed; and began to pack the things needed this time. Alix's shoes might as well go after all, as they wouldn't look out of place in Devonshire. I was going to wrap them in the same newspaper, but having taken it up I stood beside the bed reading it, as I often did now, for the sheer pleasure of being able to read.

It was a copy of the Nice paper I'd taken regularly. In a bottom corner of the back page was a paragraph headed: "Motoring Tragedy." The notice began: "The victim of the car accident reported in our edition of yesterday has been identified as. . . ." I'd passed the name and was going on before it came back at me like a blow in the chest.

". . . has been identified as Pierre

François Grognard, the well-known Nice restaurateur. His body was recovered late yesterday afternoon. . . ." I glanced up quickly at the date. The day before I left Nice. Of course, I'd wrapped the shoes up to pack them. By then I'd given up bothering Old Larosse to read anything.

". . . His body was recovered late yesterday afternoon by gendarmerie and ambulance staff from Grenoble. The car was badly smashed, having fallen nearly four hundred feet, and it has not been decided whether any efforts will be made to move it from where it has fallen at the foot of the Gorge du Cheval. The road on which the accident took place is notoriously dangerous, but no fatal accident has occurred there since 1929 when a van fell over barely half a kilometre from the scene of the present tragedy. M. Grognard appears to have been motoring to Grenoble at the time and the wheels of his car skidded on the loose surface.

"A native or Normandy, the deceased man settled in Nice some twelve years ago and opened the first of his luxury restaurants in 1937. During the war he rendered valuable service to the F.F.I. by supplying them with intelligence gained from his waiters who served the German officers in his restaurants. M. Grognard, who was thirty-five, leaves a widow but no children."

So I didn't wait till September, after all. I went to France three weeks later. There was no sense in seeking a job for what might possibly be quite a short stay; yet the tourist allowance wouldn't go anywhere. So that meant an application to the Treasury after all. Halliday turned up trumps, and I got permission to draw on sterling up to a limit of £440 over six months.

When I left England it was almost a year since coming home.

To someone conditioned to older ways of travel the flight from London to Nice is unnatural and a bit uncanny. You think of the train journey as indispensable, leaving Victoria, crossing the Channel, the customs and the porters, the night-long journey on the other side with the sleeper and the whistling train, the lonely clanking stations in the dark hours, breakfast and lunch in the rocking dining car, the terrific ride in brilliant sunshine along the coast from Marseilles. An exciting day in anyone's life. But instead I got in the plane at Heathrow at ten thirty, and by half past three in the afternoon we were circling casually round the municipal airport, with the coast stretching beneath us from Rapallo to the Estérels. It wasn't real. It was something out of the latest travel film.

As we got down you could see a bus crawling like a bug along the Middle Corniche, and the toy harbour of Nice, the deep blue land-locked bay of Villefranche—yes Villefranche—and then the gracious curve of the Promenade des Anglais, the edge of the beach and the sea freckled with black dots, the crowded shopping streets, the white villas on the wooded slopes, then we were past and dipping towards the mouth of the Var.

I'd written the Wintertons about events this year but hadn't told them I was coming out again and had booked at a hotel; one where the view was unfashionable and the food good. I chucked my bag down, saw the advance luggage had come, then went out. I never do feel like unpacking the first day anywhere. Much less so this time.

I walked all over the place, wandering about in a rather aimless mood, absolutely refusing to believe that at nine o'clock this morning I'd been in Regent Street.

The bougainvillaea was out. That was the first thing that struck me. The royal purple mass of it hung down over every other villa wall. It seemed to override all the other colour, even the blue and mauve and green of the sea. The roses were still out, and the agaves and some of the fruit trees. The sun was hot but the air fresh and invigorating in a way it wouldn't be in another month or so.

Human nature's a queer thing, and instead of getting a sense of the unhappiness of last year, instead of being beset by all sorts of uncomfortable memories, as expected, I just felt glad to be here. Perhaps it was the air, perhaps my spirits were ripe for the change. After I'd been out for about half an hour I felt ready to go anywhere and do anything. I couldn't understand what had kept me away so long.

It wasn't so much design as chance that took me towards the old town. One had to walk some way. But once there it was only three minutes to Alix's old flat. Rushing one's fences, of course.

Strange to go up the cobbled street, see the kids playing about, the women sitting in the doorways, knowing I'd been up this street before and yet not recognizing it. The sun made knife-edged shadows. I wasn't sure of the doorway.

Luckily the postman was there and a woman was taking in letters.

"Yes, m'sieu?"

"Are you Mme Colloni?"

"I am."

"Does Mme Delaisse still live here?"

"Oh, it is the blind man, isn't it. You were here last year in the spring."

It came as quite a surprise to be recognized. *Was* I the blind man?

"Mme Delaisse? No, m'sieu. She never came back. She sent for her things about a week after you called, but that was all."

"Who came for them?"

"For her things? Oh, she wrote—and then a van came. The furniture was nearly all mine."

"Do you know her new address? Where are her letters forwarded?"

"She never left an address, m'sieu. I don't know where she is living now."

Back slowly to the Avenue de la Victoire. Crowds of holidaymakers with their sunglasses and gay beach-wear;

Continued on page 28

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"LOOK what I've got!" is the title A. R. Thomson, R.A., gave to this cover picture, sketched after a trip in a London bus. Thomson's favourite models are real-life characters. Though he is deaf and dumb, he is a tireless mixer with ordinary people in clubs and pubs, buses and trains and in the street. He takes his sketchbook everywhere and carries on animated arguments on slips of paper, often using acid caricatures instead of words. Thomson is always a rapid worker and once painted a portrait of the late Sir Nevile Henderson in forty minutes.

Planting grass . . . *to harvest steel!*

These Welsh sandhills were a desolation . . . until the man came along with marram grass to start the scheme of raising the foreshore level. For the barren saltings are to harvest steel—in the Abbey Works, now building at an estimated cost of £60 million and to cover three times the area of Hyde Park.

The pride of the men at the Abbey Works will be the immense 'continuous hot-strip mill', running through high sheds like aircraft hangars for three quarters of a mile. A slab of white-hot steel, 8 in. thick, will enter the rolling mills at 200 feet a minute and race out at 2,000 feet a minute one-tenth of an inch thick!

There you have a glimpse of one part of the steel industry's own 5-year development plan, already well advanced, and estimated to cost £240 million.

Not a penny from public funds is called for by the steel development schemes.

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SOCCER'S SECRET SERVICE

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The boy star of the local soccer team may not know it but he's being watched. His skill, habits, home life secretly reported. Soon there may be a knock on his door

Soccer scout Mungo Hutton (left) sorts the mail with his chief. A tip from a supporter may lead to a find

FOR FIVE MONTHS Mungo Hutton watched young Willie Robertson. From February until June, he stalked his quarry, studied his build, noted his way of moving and peeked into his home life. All this had to be done without Robertson knowing it. Then, on July 8, 1946, Mungo got his man. He signed Willie Robertson for the Chelsea Football Club.

"Robertson," Mungo declares, "will one day be guarding Scotland's goal. He's only twenty now and he's coming along very nicely."

If this prediction comes true, Mungo Hutton, Chelsea's Scottish football scout, will have saved Chelsea some thousands of pounds, for in these days of inflated transfer fees, football clubs are finding it much cheaper to invest in promising youngsters than to plunge £20,000 or £25,000 in purchasing a finished player.

To join the ranks of the football scouts all that is needed is a lifetime spent in football, the ability to see three seasons into the future, the discretion to investigate a man as thoroughly as M.I.5, and the art of persuading fathers and mothers to let their sons try football as a career.

Hutton's sandy hair has grown thin in twenty-one years as an international referee and he is not expecting it to last much longer now that he is embarking on his sixth season as Chelsea's representative in Scotland.

"It's a highly competitive business," he likes to say. "We cut each other's throats, but we do it in a gentlemanly sort of way."

Scouts Must Stick Together

The mannerly throat-cutting goes on between such old friends as Peter Wilson, who looks after Derby County's interests in Scotland, or Tommy Cairns, who has the same chore for Arsenal. These scouts stick together; for one of their problems is to keep a sharp eye on each other as well as on promising young players.

"It's this way," Mungo explains. "Maybe there are six or eight of us after one young fellow. Suddenly you learn that some of the other scouts have dropped out of the race. You have to ask yourself why.

One thing that will cause a scout to lose interest in a clever youngster, according to Mungo, is the lad's background and the way he acts off the field.

"Investigate thoroughly," is his formula, and if necessary this may mean a word with the prospect's employer, a look into his school record or even a word with the parson.

What starts Hutton on such an investigation may be a letter from a friend, a tip from a supporter, a report from one of the six agents who assist him to cover Scotland or an order from Chelsea manager Billy Birrell or chief scout Stewart Davidson.

Spare and grey-haired, Davidson directs the Chelsea espionage network from the club's Stamford Bridge headquarters. In his roll-top desk are reports from a dozen paid agents who are assigned to England, Wales, Eire, Northern Ireland and Scotland. Their reports overflow into several filing cabinets and some are so secret they are written in code.

Chelsea holds a scouts' conference before the season opens, so that their representatives will know what to look for. They learn to think in terms of at least two or three seasons in advance; for the youngsters whom they will seek may not play in a Chelsea side for another five years.

Following Up A Discovery

"I'm after a boy of fifteen who has been hitting the high spots here," reads one of their reports. "He's been playing against teams made up of lads older than himself."

Then follow details of name, position, club, age, height, weight, general build and any remarks.

Tom Robinson, who roams the north of England for Chelsea, sent in such a message after seeing Bob Smith, a fifteen-year-old centre-forward of Redcar.

"Go ahead," signalled Davidson; and Robinson, who knew Middlesbrough were after young Smith, acted fast. He paid a call on Smith's parents in their miner's cottage at Langdale, Yorks.

"That's where personality counts," Davidson explains. "Scouts must be able to deal with people. Parents are naturally concerned about a lad coming to London. We assure them their sons will be looked after, that they'll have a decent place to live and a trade to learn."

Chelsea won parental consent and young Smith came to London. A dark, husky youth standing five feet eight, he now lives in digs with a north country landlady, reports for work at Stamford Bridge at 8 a.m. every day, practises two nights a week with the Chelsea youth team, and spends two or three more nights at classes.

As soon as he decides on the trade he wants to follow, the club will have him apprenticed. His parents have been invited to London, at Chelsea's expense, to see that their boy is in good hands.

"Usually, I like to spot a lad when he is nineteen or twenty," says Mungo Hutton. "Take Jimmy Leadbetter from Edinburgh. That was the keenest chase I ever had, with about eight or ten clubs in the race.

"The others were waiting for him in the pavilion but I had his word he would see me in his home before making a decision. Now he's with Chelsea."

The Leadbetter case began with a report from a Hutton assistant. After Mungo himself had cast an eye over the lad a coded message went to Stewart Davidson at Stamford Bridge.

"BCK" was the gist of Hutton's message. The three letters are part of his secret code and they were enough to send Davidson to Scotland to back up the Scottish representative.

Six weeks is the average time it takes to fill up Mungo Hutton's stiff-backed notebook with observations on a young player.

The six weeks include waiting for away games—there's apt to be a world of difference between a player on his home ground and the same lad performing on a strange pitch and before a crowd which may be hostile.

Winning Parents' Confidence

"But where you find the real answer," says Mungo," is when you look into a player's environment."

That, to Mungo Hutton, is the lad's home.

"It cuts out a lot of investigation," he adds, "if the lad invites you into his home. It's a big thing in his favour and gives you a chance to consult his parents on a friendly basis."

No pressure to sign, is one of Hutton's rules. But his real secret, according to chief scout Davidson, is Mungo's ability to win the confidence of the parents. And it usually ends up with his quarry saying: "I'll have a go." The deal is completed with father's and mother's approval.

Mungo Hutton then goes back to his comfortable home near Glasgow. Next day he'll probably be off to watch another game—and another promising discovery

I'LL NEVER FEAR LEPROSY AGAIN

Continued from page 14

someone had examined him. We went into every compound and every house.

In three days we examined 3,000 people. Seven in every hundred had leprosy, and one-fifth of the 210 were contagious.

After the first part of our survey, we set up a field laboratory and in it re-examined the 210 who had leprosy by blindfolding them and touching various parts of their bodies, at the same time asking them to indicate when they were touched.

Of course, when we touched a leprous spot, they could feel nothing. Then we took slides of skin scrapings, nasal scrapings, and scrapings from the lobe of an ear, numbered them and packed them up to be taken back to the settlement for microscopic tests.

After all this, we reported back to the chieftains. We told how many cases we had found and which of them should come to live in the settlement. We also told each chief what we would need in order to provide treatment on the spot for the others: a piece of cleared land in a central location and building materials with which to erect on it a segregation village for infectious cases.

Patients Trained As Nurses

This was only a beginning. We trained some of our more intelligent patients as male nurses so that they were able to give injections and administer other treatments.

Others we trained as leprosy inspectors—these were healthy Africans, of course—one of whom would live among the clan and constantly go over the ground looking for new cases.

Of course, this is slow work. Without man power and money we have been able to cover only one-fifth of the area of Owerri Province. It is sad and frustrating to realize that with enough of both we could kill the threat of leprosy everywhere for ever.

Once, for example, a woman was cast out from her home, her husband and her four children. She walked forty miles through deep bush to the gates of the Uzuakoli Settlement. She asked to be admitted. "Sorry," she was told. "There isn't room for even one more." And there wasn't.

She refused to take "no" for a final answer. All that day she sat at the gates, begging everyone who passed to let her in for treatment. At sunset she shuffled hopelessly away.

Next morning she was back at the settlement; but this time she was brought inside. She was dead. A bush policeman had found her, hanging by the neck from a tree.

Heartbreaking? Of course. But the settlement just didn't have the money to stretch its resources further; and, tragic as many cases are, others help balance the picture.

There are, for instance, the discharge ceremonies, when cured patients are given certificates of good health and allowed to go home. The atmosphere is like that of a college graduation—but even happier.

The entire settlement, patients and staff, turns out in its Sunday best for the grand occasion. There are special seats for the departing patients and the doctor in charge presents them with their "diplomas."

At one of these ceremonies, I saw a young married girl, one of the "graduates," rise suddenly from her seat just before the presentations. She hurried towards the operating theatre.

Hers For Always

Twenty minutes later she was back. In her arms, incredible as it may seem, was her newly born baby. In that short time she had become a mother.

Joyfully she waltzed forward to collect her certificate, happy in the knowledge that if the event had occurred only a few short months before she would have been separated from her child. Now it was hers for always.

Often, while I worked at Uzuakoli, I heard patients speak with fearful awe of a place they called the Home of Leprosy. It was located in the Niger Delta, which is made up of thousands of tiny islands. Almost everyone who lived there, went the reports, suffered from leprosy; and we later found that, in fact, sixty per cent had it.

The people took it fatalistically: if it had to be, it had to be. They did not cast out those who caught it nor did they attempt cures.

One day Dr. Ross and I drove down from Uzuakoli into Abua, about a hundred miles south. There we were joined by one of our African public health workers named Dunbar. He told us he had been to see the people of Amelego—the Home of Leprosy.

"They are anxious for you to come," Dunbar said. But Doc had a full schedule, and had to decline.

Next morning at six Dunbar was on our doorstep. Without batting an eye he confessed he had sent drum messages during the night saying that we would come. The people of Amelego had sent a canoe to fetch us.

The Village Conference

Ross was put out, but I could see he wasn't going to be able to resist Dunbar's stubbornness. Sure enough, a little after two in the afternoon, into the twenty-foot canoe went Dunbar, Doc, six paddlers and myself.

When we reached Amelego we were led into the town hall, a corrugated iron roof supported on stilts.

There the chieftain set out three chairs for us and the entire village gathered round for the conference.

Doc, Dunbar and I each made a speech, repeating over and over again that they must take leprosy seriously. When we finished, a young man in his twenties stepped forward from the crowd with a young woman.

"Will doctor look at my wife?" he asked.

Doc examined her. "How do you live?" he asked.

"Together in a small house with our two children," she said.

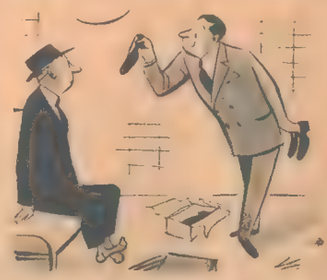
"Then you must live in a separate part of the house and not mingle with the children. You have infectious leprosy."

Without another word the pair stepped back, tears streaming down their cheeks. As if by a signal, the crowd divided, leaving a wide path for them to walk through. Pathetic as it was, this was our first sign that our talks had been taken to heart. I knew then we could count on co-operation in the Home of Leprosy.

And I felt good about it. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, I thought of Rosa and the groundnuts she had given me and of how terribly frightened I had been. I couldn't help looking back over the years and laughing at myself about that. For here I was, in a district where six in every ten living mortals had the disease. I knew leprosy could be cured and that there is no reason to fear it.

No, I shall never forget Rosa. In a roundabout way she taught me a great deal.

NOW YOU KNOW

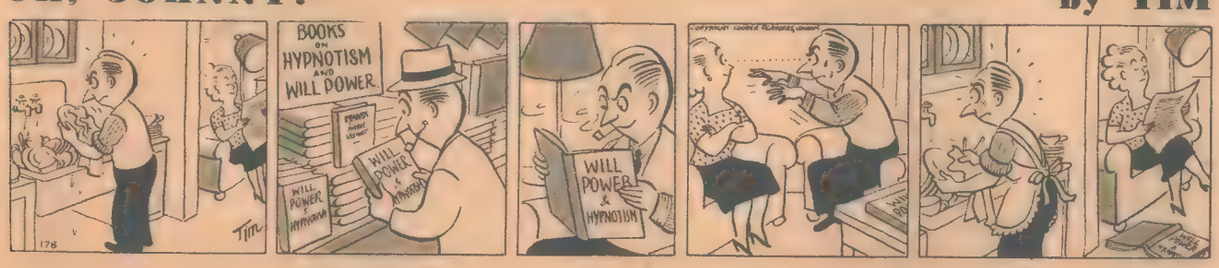


WITH YOUR SHOES OFF in public, psychologists point out, you feel at a disadvantage, unable to "fight back." That is why shoe-shop assistants can talk you into buying almost anything. They know this from experience and make a point of removing your shoes at once.

You will be better off, as a rule, if you keep your shoes on while selecting a new pair.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from page 25

cyclists, trams, taxis in a mêlée; the plane trees weren't rustling today. A shoe shop on the right going up. Dark after the brilliant sun. Over there was where I'd come a crash. No sign of Alix. An assistant moved across.

"I'm inquiring for a Mme Alix Delaisse. She used to work here. Do you know if she still does?"

She brought back the manageress.

"Mme Delaisse left a year ago, m'sieu. We don't know her present address."

"Did she leave to get married?"

"Not to my knowledge. She took a holiday and then wrote saying she was not coming back."

I chewed my lip. "She was an unusual type, wasn't she, m'dame; well educated, superior for this work? Do you know anything of her history?"

"She was a war widow, m'sieu. The war ruined many people's fortunes. She did not confide in me."

"No," I said. "Thank you."

"And, of course," she added a bit frostily as I was going to turn away, "this is a shop where only assistants of superior character are employed."

I hadn't really expected much; it was a question of checking up first in the most obvious ways; the sort of thing one could do in the way of preliminaries, narrowing the field.

But it was all very well to say stop at that. Once the movement was begun. . . .

I bought a stick and a pair of sun glasses and caught a bus for Villefranche.

I FELT fine, as if a burden had got lost. It was exciting to be on one of those crowded buses again and to see the road ahead and the sweep of the coastline, and not to lurch blindly about, never knowing which way the thing was going to lift or turn.

The woman from the flats had been helpful in one way. It hadn't occurred to me until then that last year's disability might be put to some use.

There were two American cruisers anchored off Villefranche. Flags fluttered at the mastheads, and picket boats crawled to and fro, splitting the blue linoleum of the bay. But so far as I could see none of the crews had yet been given shore leave. The steep little town drowsed in the evening sun.

There was no difficulty here. Eyes half shut, I went over the familiar ground that led to the Café Gambetta. Down the hill towards the quay, second on the left, follow straight along till you come to the steps. I got to the street where the rue St. Agel should have been, stopped and looked up. Rue Carnot. As before.

Along the rue Carnot until one should have been opposite the Café Gambetta. There was the Café des Fourmis. As before.

Tapping now and then with the stick, I crossed the road and went in.

It was much as one had imagined it: a bar along the side, half a dozen tables, bead curtains at the other end cutting off the second room. In the second room was the piano.

The card players were not there. A couple of old women haggled over a shopping bag. A whiskery chap in a blue overall was reading the café paper. Two or three other men were about. A tall youth in tight blue trousers and rope-soled shoes leaned over the bar talking to François (or Raoul).

"M'sieu?" There was no doubt now that Raoul recognized me, but I don't think any of the others did. I ordered white wine, sat down at a table and waited. After a bit he sidled out of the bar, wiping his hands on his apron, and disappeared through the bead curtain. Nothing happened and I tried to go on

Continued on page 30

DRY HAIR?—No fear with BRYLCREEM

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Three Firsts for This Miner

"YOU don't have to be a don to win in *Bullets*," says reader S. Hartshorn, 133 Breach Road, Heanor, Derbyshire. He should know, for he has just won his *third* First Prize.

This was £500 in our 1,691st competition for his homely and telling effort: HAPPIER WORLD—OR CHUCKLING BABY BETRAYED! "Practice at *Bullets* does it," said this miner of forty-six. "That line just tumbled together!

"I'll be able to give my sons a good start in life with *Bullets* prize-money," he added, "and the same road is open to all."

This week the *Bullets* road leads to a radio and £500—and all the chief winners will receive radios with their cheques. Your coupon below must be posted by Monday, September 19, so it's time you started on your way.

"Studying the *Bulletin* and the winners have put me on the right track," says £500 winner S. Hartshorn. Reserve your weekly *Bulletin* on coupon below.

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A fine Fountain-pen accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 8 and in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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We Wonder When	Given A Thrashing
Where Science Fails	A Bit Sticky
Trouble For Somebody	Shock For The Official
Industry	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Good Food	Opened The.....
Legal Or Illegal	Anyone Can....., But
Heavily Handicapped	.....In Hand
He's Ambitious, So	"I Didn't.....It!"
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Can't Be Serious	When.....Wins
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THIRD PRIZE, £25: G. Huntley, 32 Albert Palace Mansions, Lurline Gardens, Battersea, S.W.11: RULES AND REGULATIONS—"HANDCUFFS" BREEDING MODERN HOUDINIS.

OTHER AWARDS: £20: R. A. Poulter, 5 St. Ann's Road, Latymer Road, Edmonton, N.9: THOSE BRITISH—NUMBER UP? "NINE—!" UP! £10: D. Green, 20 Deane Road, Liverpool, 7: RULES AND REGULATIONS — INCENSE? IN ESSENCE, SENSE. £5: H. C. Coleman, High Street, Flushing, Falmouth: THE STRAIN'S TERRIFIC, BUT—VILLAGE BAND'S PLAYING *Quietly*! £5: Miss H. Coles, 5 Brambledown, Crouch Hill, London, N.4: THOSE BRITISH—EACH ONE AN "ISLAND"! £5: J. Craig, 12 Moorlands Road, Fishponds, Bristol: IN UNCLE SAM'S SAFE—OUR ALL—EXCEPT OVERALLS! £5: A. Kirby, 25 Stirling Street, Poulton, Wallasey: WITH ALL THEIR DOLLARS—THEY'VE SLUMPS—THEY'VE SLUMS. £5: H. W. Rose, 127 Ramsgate Road, Broadstairs: WHEN WE ALL FLY—TO MOTHER, WHEN "WINGED."

For 10 winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 645

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Fare. 3, Deal. 6, Beau. 10, Deer. 11, Reed. 13, Fogs. 14, Defy. DOWN: 1, Foiled or Fooled. 2, Rocks. 4, Lake. 5, Band. 7, Price. 8, Place. 9, Mage. 12, Pay.

TWO £100 SHARERS (differing at one point only from competitors' Answers above): F. Aldy, 34 Penberth Road, Catford, S.E.6; R. Wightman, 24 Ashbourne Street, Leicester. In addition, each Winner receives a 20-lb. Food Parcel.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 33 entrants (differing at two points only from Answers above). Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 650

1. Tying them up may be part of their training
3. There have been instances of even the most zealous business man falling for a bit of this
7. Exploitation of these is fairly common
10. Certain kind depends great deal on amount of pull
12. Generally thought to be breezy
13. Sometimes seen on drive to old manor-house
14. When conditions demand it, a man may have to do heavy, hard work on one

Down Clues

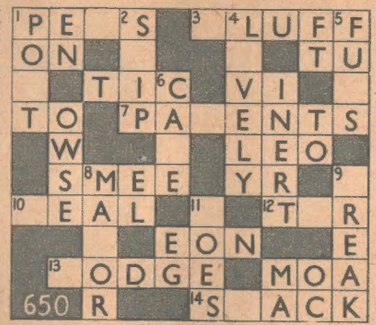
1. One who can interpret is too often needed for
2. Many a good one goes down
4. Such a girl is seldom short of friends
5. Much in evidence at film première
6. One taste of this isn't enough for great many youngsters
8. Man may well be proud to hold title of
9. Chairs which are liable to do this are probably badly made
11. Good man isn't kept down for long by his

WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 1.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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650 Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 19

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from page 28

staring at the shelves of wine bottles. Raoul came back with my drink.

"D'you remember me?" I said.

"M'sieu?"

"Used to come this way about a year ago. Surely you remember me playing the piano?"

"No, m'sieu. I have been away, on my term of service."

He went off. Then the bead curtains parted and someone looked out. It was annoying not being able to recognize people except by their voices, because it was the sound of their voices they'd naturally withhold from me. This was a man about thirty-five, thickset, with heavy brown hair and a sour expression. Armand Delaisse?

I drank my wine and ordered some more. Then a couple of big men came in talking. They stopped suddenly at a little movement from Raoul and looked my way. They recognized me, exchanged glances and then went through to the inner room. But I also had recognized them. One was Dramont, the other was my "comrade in arms," Scipion.

I raised a finger for Raoul. He came over.

"Is it permitted to go into the next room?"

"No, m'sieu."

"But I always used to. I played the piano."

"I don't know, m'sieu. It may be permitted some evenings."

"Does Mme Alix Delaisse ever come her now?"

"I don't know the name."

"Or M. Pierre Grognard?"

"No, m'sieu. I don't know them.

But somebody did. The boy at the bar had turned quickly and his face was alert and a bit scared. After a while three men came in and started playing cards. Two of them recognized me and whispered between themselves. I left. This morning I'd been walking down Regent Street. I kept telling myself that. It was enough for the first day.

There was a little alley running down between the café and the next house. Half slope and half steps, it fell steeply because the café was built on the hillside and the balcony of the back room looked over the next lowest street to the sea. This meant that the sea side of the building had three storeys instead of two, and there was probably a back entrance to the place via this alley.

Next time, I thought, I'd go down that way.

To be continued next week

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Readers with personal problems (other than medical) can ask for advice from our team of experts. Queries should be sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped envelope for reply, please.

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